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VOLUME 26 NUMBER 3

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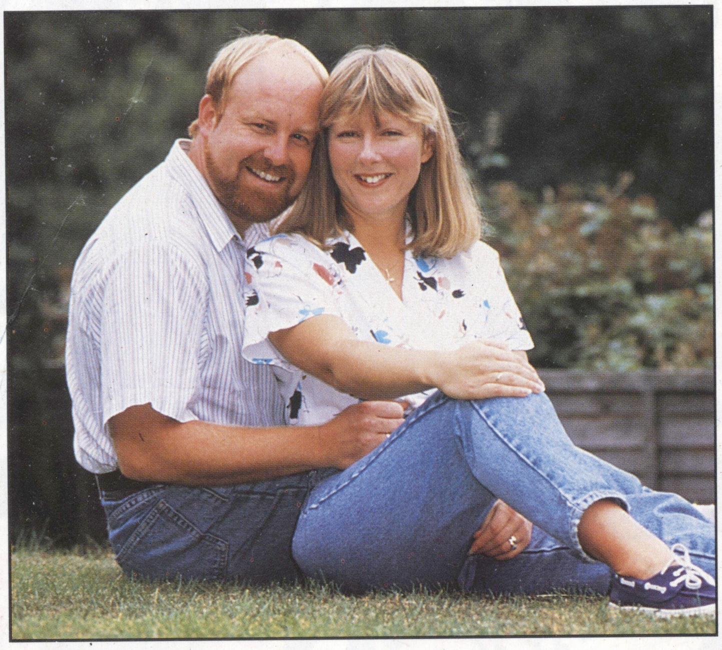


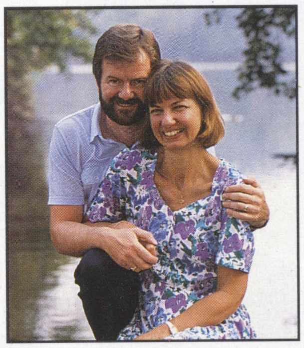
"He allows me to be myself"

Philip, a chartered surveyor from Wales, felt that relationships through work were not a good idea, but how else could he meet someone? Lindsay, a systems analyst, agreed, and after yet another Christmas on her own decided to do something about it by joining Dateline. Philip had been a member for some months before meeting Lindsay, but he was the first man she met. From the beginning it was very obvious how comfortable they were together and how much they had in common. "Initially it struck me how much of a friend Philip was – the most marvellous thing about him is how he allows me to be myself." Eventually it became obvious that they wanted to get married and as Lindsay says "We fit so well together – I mean after only 3 months I was planning to buy my wedding shoes in the sales and he hadn't even asked me then! I was going to give him a few more months then if he hadn't asked me I was going to ask him." She didn't have to, and they were married last July.

"Something made me think I wanted him there and then."

Marjorie lived almost on Richard's doorstep and when she saw him so smiling and with his lovely silver-white hair, she says "I just felt I couldn't let him go." "I wouldn't admit it to myself for a long time," says Richard, "but it was definitely a fairytale story of love at first sight. I more or less made up my mind that she was the one for me and I decided to go all out to try and win her."

Dateline



"A friend of mine said she was going to join Dateline and I remember thinking 'Oh she's ever so brave, if only I could do that!"

Finding happiness for people of all ages all over the country

Margaret's life had revolved around her son and she had been on her own for many years. Margaret finally plucked up enough courage to join and after meeting quite a few people finally wrote to Bill. Bill was concerned that as Margaret was from London "she might be very sophisticated, a bit hard and insincere," but he liked her letter very much and her, in person, even more. "I thought she was very nice, very pretty and very caring, totally different from what I expected." They met in January and were engaged by April, but as Bill says "Join Dateline – just look at us! Dateline matches you with the type of person you're looking for. If you meet people through the more usual ways you may be physically attracted but you may have nothing in common. This way there is so much we can share and we have the attraction as well."

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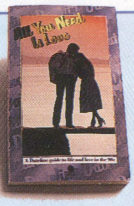

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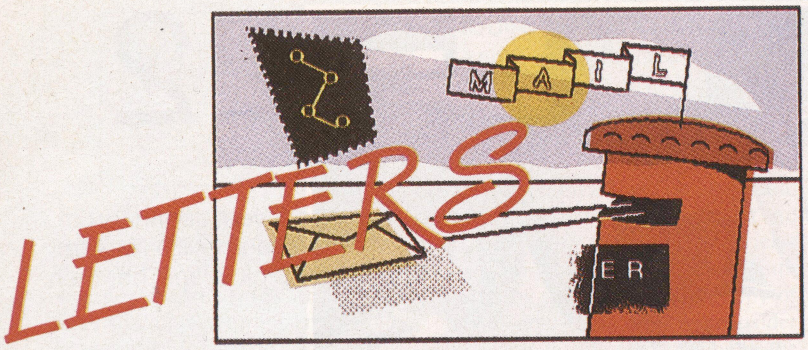

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Heaven centre

When are we going to see the lovely Sam, the centre-girl from Vol 26 No 2, again? She's the horniest blonde I've seen in the pages of any magazine. What about a set in some of the lingerie she collects, with her slowly stripping it off, then revealing all on the centre spread again?

Any chance of a signed photo for our workshop wall? Even our secretary admits she's a corker!
S Talbot, Coventry

It's for you-hoo

Recently I've been working away from home a lot on business, and needless to say I miss my girlfriend Julie a great deal. She still manages to keep me happy though... although it's costing us a fortune in phone bills!

It all started the first time I went away. I was in my hotel room, doing a bit of paperwork and thinking about the lonely nights ahead, when the phone rang. It was Julie.

"I'm missing you already, and I thought you might be missing me," she said, "so I decided to give you a call and let you know what I'm doing. That way, you can imagine you're here with me." With that, she began to describe the scene to me — what she was wearing, where she was sitting, even what she could see from the bedroom window.

The sound of Julie's voice was making me really horny, but I wasn't bargaining for what came next.

"This is what I do when you're not here to make love to me," she said. "I'm unbuttoning my blouse and taking it off. Next comes my bra. Mmm, I'm touching my nipples. I'm getting very hot thinking about you."

Listening to Julie talking like this was an incredible turn on, especially as she had always been far too shy to say things like this before. I'd never talked dirty to her either, thinking she would be offended, but now I just had to tell her what effect her words were having on me.

Suffice to say that our rude conversation went on for quite some time. By the end of it, we were panting and gasping as if we actually were making love, both of us naked and incredibly aroused. Julie confessed some time later that I'd made her come, just by telling her what I was wishing we were doing.

I know Julie loves our little phone games as much as I do, because she bought me a very special present the other day — a mobile phone! Now she calls me all the time while I'm away. On one occasion recently she phoned while I was at an important business lunch, and I had to pretend to be talking to my boss while she was whispering in my ear about how stiff her nipples were, and all the naughty things she was doingto herself. It can be inconvenient at times — but her voice never fails to turn me on!
JB, Pinner

She's the boss

When it comes to chatting up women I usually have to do all the running, so it's nice to occasionally meet a girl who doesn't mind saying what's on her mind.

A couple of weeks ago I was in a wine bar with a friend of mine. We hadn't gone out with the intention of meeting women, but an old flame of his turned up and he virtually abandoned me. I felt a bit silly sitting there on my own, especially as I'm quite a shy fellow, but I soon cheered up when I set eyes on the prettiest girl I've ever seen. She looked about twenty, with long, curly black hair and fantastic legs.

I did my best not to stare, but she obviously noticed my interest, as she suddenly stood up and walked over to my table.

"Do you mind if I join you?" she asked, in a soft, heavily accented voice. Naturally I said no, and before long we were deep in conversation. It turned out that Claudia was an Italian girl who'd recently landed a job as a bi-lingual secretary for a local firm. She hadn't met many people, and she said she was beginning to feel a bit lonely and homesick.

I offered to give her a guided tour of the area, and she smiled sweetly at me and said, "I'd like that very much. It would give me a chance to get to know you better, too." We made a date for the following evening, and when Claudia gave me a peck on the cheek as she said goodbye, I was transported to seventh heaven.

Things went really well when I took Claudia out the next evening. As I drove her round town, pointing out all the interesting landmarks and fun places to go, she was charming company — amusing, vivacious, and more than a little flirtatious. Finally I parked on the top of a hill which gave us a spectacular view of the town, and asked her if there was anything particular she would like to do next.

"Well, actually what I'd really like to do is to kiss you," she said with a wicked smile. And with that, she wriggled across the seat until she was very close to me, and pressed her lips full against mine. I was already feeling pretty randy just from being near such a sexy girl, but I certainly wasn't expecting to feel her hand suddenly brush my lap, groping for my developing erection. Deftly she eased down my zip and pulled out my cock, running her fingertips over it tantalizingly. Within seconds it was as hard as a rock.

"I hope you don't think I'm being too forward," Claudia said, "but I believe if a girl wants something she should ask for it." I was lost for words, but my expression must have revealed my delight with the state of affairs, because Claudia suddenly leant over me and ran her tongue over the tip of my cock. Gently caressing my balls with one hand, she gradually sucked more and more of me into her mouth, still running her tongue up and down.

I was soon panting, my heartbeat racing, as Claudia gave me the most energetic sucking of my life. It didn't take too long before I was spurting into Claudia's mouth, and she eagerly gulped it down.

"I think it's my turn now, don't you?" she said, taking my hand and placing it firmly between her legs. I could feel her knickers were already quite damp, and as I worked a couple of fingers up into her she moaned with pleasure. I've never considered myself much of an expert when it comes to satisfying women, but

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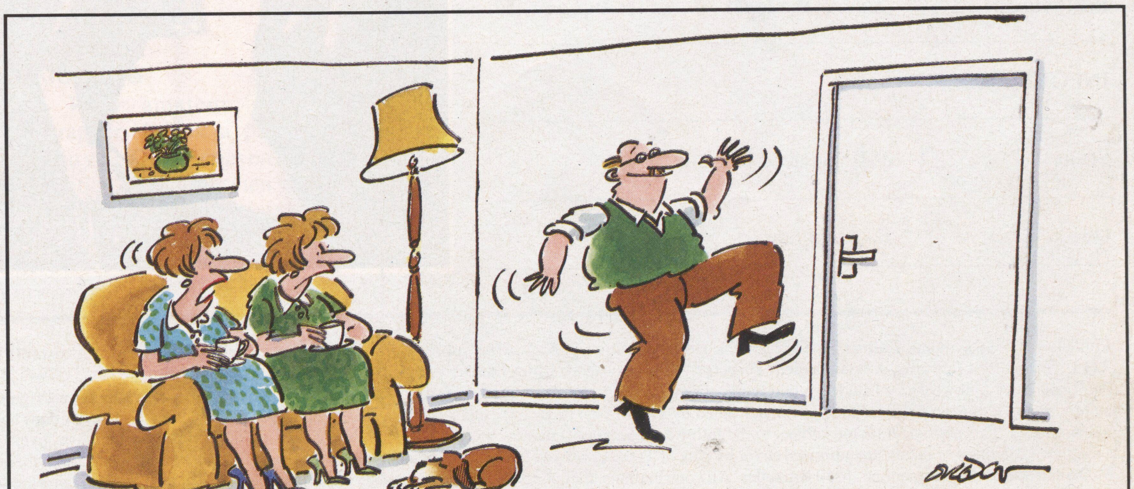


Take no notice — Brian's a conga just waiting to happen!

Photographed by Joannie Allum

Kate

What a turn-up for the books! Cute Kate Hewletson, the 22-year-old book-keeper from Preston, is making her second appearance in Mayfair only three months after her first. The 37-24-36 figure of the lovely accounts clerk proved to be so popular in our Christmas issue that we must be one of the only addresses in Britain to get more post after the festive season than during it. Letters of praise poured in, and Kate couldn't contain her happiness.

"I wanted to give everyone who wrote a big Christmas kiss," Kate told us, "but the Editor said that this would mean travelling to nearly 200 destinations from Accrington to Adelaide. So will you settle for another look instead?" And what did Katy do after her last appearance in the magazine? Naturally, she held a party. "I called it a Coming Out party to celebrate my boobs coming out in print," she says. "With one or two people allowed a private viewing."

What sort of men are that privileged? According to Kate, the ideal guy is tall (she's five foot six herself), hairy, and with a dry sense of humour. "I love American stand-up comedy," Kate claims, "especially Robin Williams. Now there's a man I'd take to bed, providing he didn't shout 'Good morning Vietnam' loudly when he woke up." Being a party animal does have some disadvantages. "Yes, I do get hangovers," Kate moans. "But it's worth it."

lookalikes

DOUBLE D-VINE INSPIRATION

WHAT do you do when you're looking for a girl who's out of this world for the cover of your fantasy comic? Well, if you're *2000 AD* magazine, it seems you pinch her straight from the pages of *Mayfair*.

An eagle-eyed reader noticed the stunning resemblance between the January cover of Judge Dredd's favourite mag and our shot of the lovely Toni Shilletto from Vol 23 No 12. They're identical, except for a couple of points (namely Ms Shilleto's marvellous mammaries, which are covered by a futuristic uniform.) Inside the magazine, we are told that Toni has been reborn as Judge Anderson. Did anyone tell the lady, we wonder?

The artwork for *2000AD*'s cover was painted by Mick Austin, whose work has appeared in *Mayfair* before (small planet, isn't it?). Obviously he keeps his voucher copies close to his easel for inspiration. "Yes, I do," he said when we rang him. "I admit I did copy your photo. I do it quite often. *Mayfair* girls have ideal faces for heroines." Like Toni, he's a good Judge.

If *2000AD* need a cribsheet again, we trust they will display the same good taste and nick our images. What's that they say about imitation being the sincerest form of flattery?

Stunning: Toni in Mayfair

Cunning? The 2000AD *version*

excess

SO FERRARI, SO GOODIE

HAVE the Italians gone soft or something? Even a Ford Fiesta could go faster than Ferrari's new off-road effort, but we wouldn't advise you to try, because their latest mean red speed machine is more at home on the Med than the M25. The Riva 32 is the first ever collaboration between the makers of Italy's most desirable muscle cars and Riva, manufacturers of the world's finest speedboats.

The combination of innovative design on the outside, and Ferrari's advanced engineering inside means that the 9.9 metre craft cuts the waves at an amazing 100 km/h. This immense speed comes from two 400 horsepower BPM engines that were specifically selected to suit the requirements of the incredible powerboat.

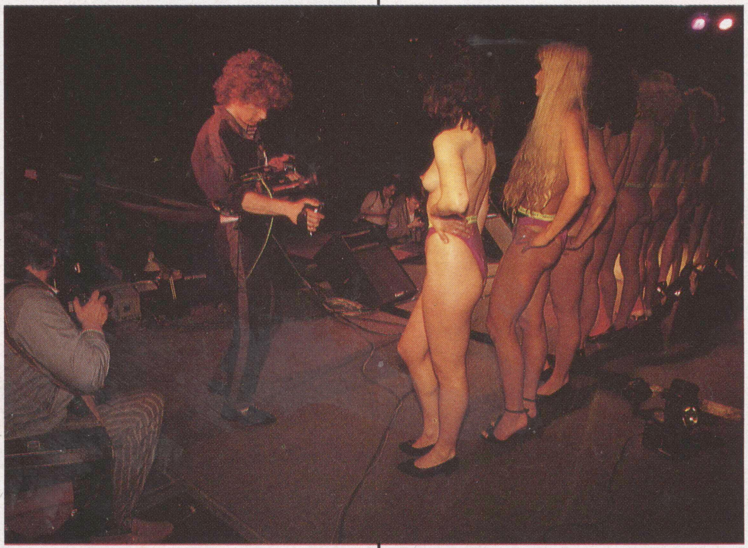
Standard equipment aboard 1991's most essential beach accessory includes a depth sounder, electrohydraulic bathing ladder and, of course, a Riva bucket. But at £181,000 plus VAT, the chances of the Riva Ferrari being the star prize on Bullseye are pretty slim, so you've got a choice: be content to watch your local millionaire messing about on the water, or steal one. After a ride in the Riva 32 Ferrari, we reckon it's well worth six months inside.

glamour

BOUNCING CZECHS

OUR ROVING reporters – we've got hundreds of them, honestly – are always on the lookout for a good time on expenses *(shouldn't that be 'a hot story'? – Ed)*. So when our man in Prague noticed that the Miss Monokini competition was being held in the Czech capital he grabbed the *Mayfair* credit card and ran around in the hope of finding some ladies to take out for a drink. (You don't take people out to dinner in Prague, unless you find bad food and sloppy service a turn-on.)

As the western press has widely reported, Eastern Europeans have taken enthusiastically to their new-found freedom to enjoy the female form. In fact, you can't move for badly-printed rip-off copies of British, French and German magazines of the more exotic variety. However, it's still rare for the natives to be able to appreciate their home-grown talent, so the enormous national sports stadium was crammed with thousands of Czechs eager to see what their fellow-countrywomen had to offer beneath the traditional cover-all costumes. Their national newspapers gave the event saturation coverage, hailing it as the first topless show the country had seen since World War II. Eighteen ladies from every part of the country were the official contestants, and the audience were fiercely supportive of their own local girls: indeed, when it seemed that the Slovak contingent had the prizes wrapped up, several patriotic Czech ladies offered to join the fray for their province. Unfortunately, the judges ruled that only the officially entered candidates were eligible. Seems they've still got a bit to learn about good old western enterprise!



Overall, the crowd wasn't disappointed, and neither was our reporter: in fact he signed up three of the girls to fly over to London for a special *Mayfair* photo-session! The results will be seen in future issues, but since it seemed criminal to hide these ladies from British eyes for a moment longer we now offer these snaps from the event itself. Our man's personal favourite was Lena, seen on the left posing on that ultimate symbol of western decadence, the Japanese motorbike.

Unfortunately, Prague still doesn't run to a decent light bulb, so the girls' charms are a little on the moody side: well, they say a little of what you fancy does you good... – ***Photographs by Liba Taylor***

gizmos

BRIEF CASIO

TINY tellies are nothing new, but look again at this Casio TV-8500 and you'll find something you don't normally see on a pocket-sized portable. Yes, that's right, the picture! Early mini TVs were about as easy to watch as fleas mating through a goldfish bowl. But the new TV-8500 four inch full colour screen is a vast improvement. It's ideal for catching the sport when your wife wants to watch Neighbours – you can even spot the ball in the cup final – though don't throw your dinner at the screen when the opposition score because you'll probably miss.

The new Casio weighs just over a pound but costs £269.95, and can also be used as a colour monitor for your camcorder – ideal for a private action replay of your naughty bedroom antics!

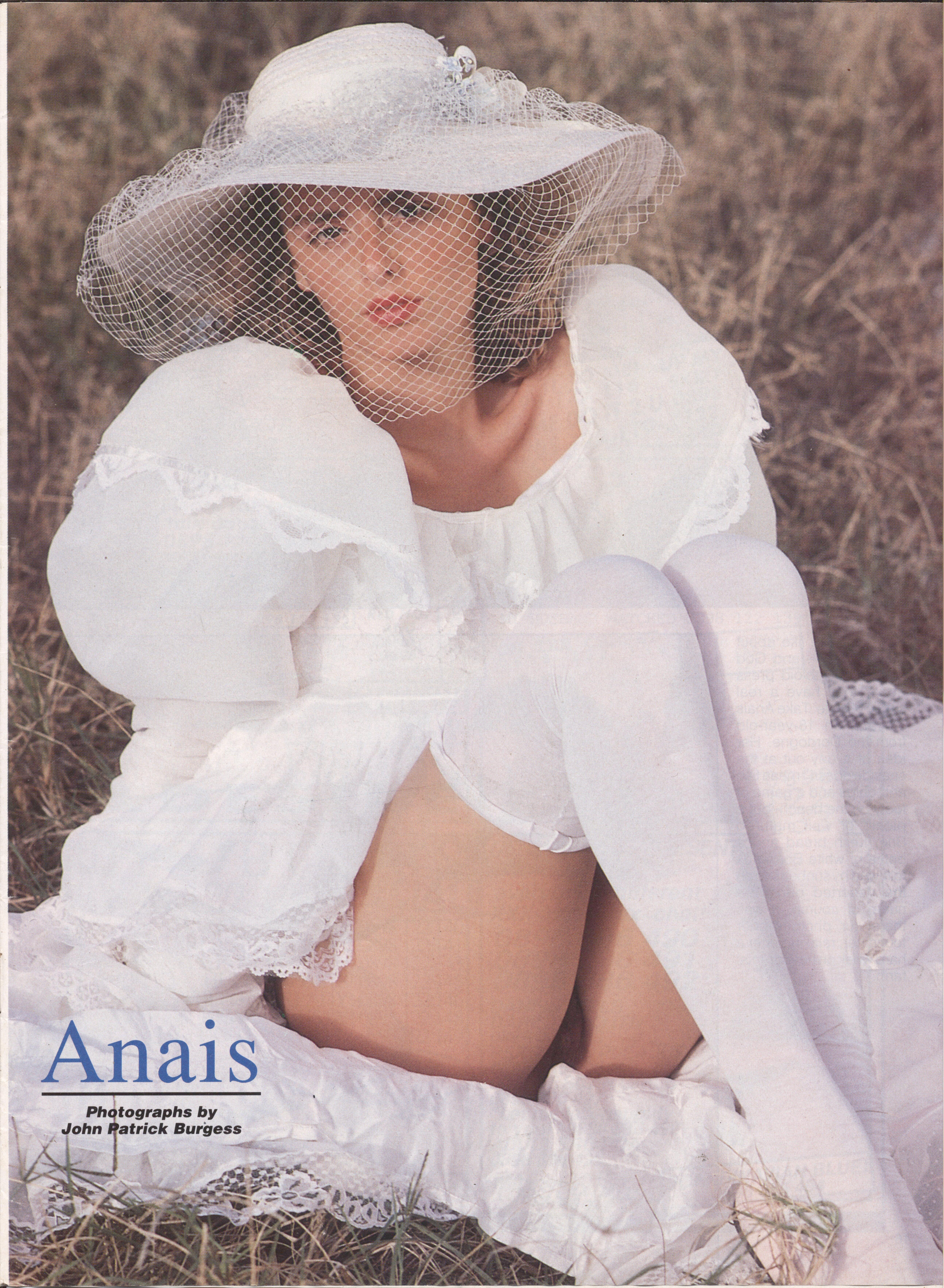
travel

SNOW EFFORT

SKI-ING IS ALL very well, but let's face it – you have to put in a lot of effort before you down your first Scotch on the rocks. Apart from the ski-ing itself, there's all that tiresome hanging on to lifts and ropes to get to the top of the piste.

There's an obvious solution, though. Simply jump on a chopper which will whisk you up to the very peak, and take advantage of some virgin snow the plebs down below will never get to. OK, it's a little bit pricey – all-in trips to the Canadian Rockies, where CMH runs heli-ski-ing holidays, start at £4,000 for a week – but all good things in life have to be paid for, don't they?

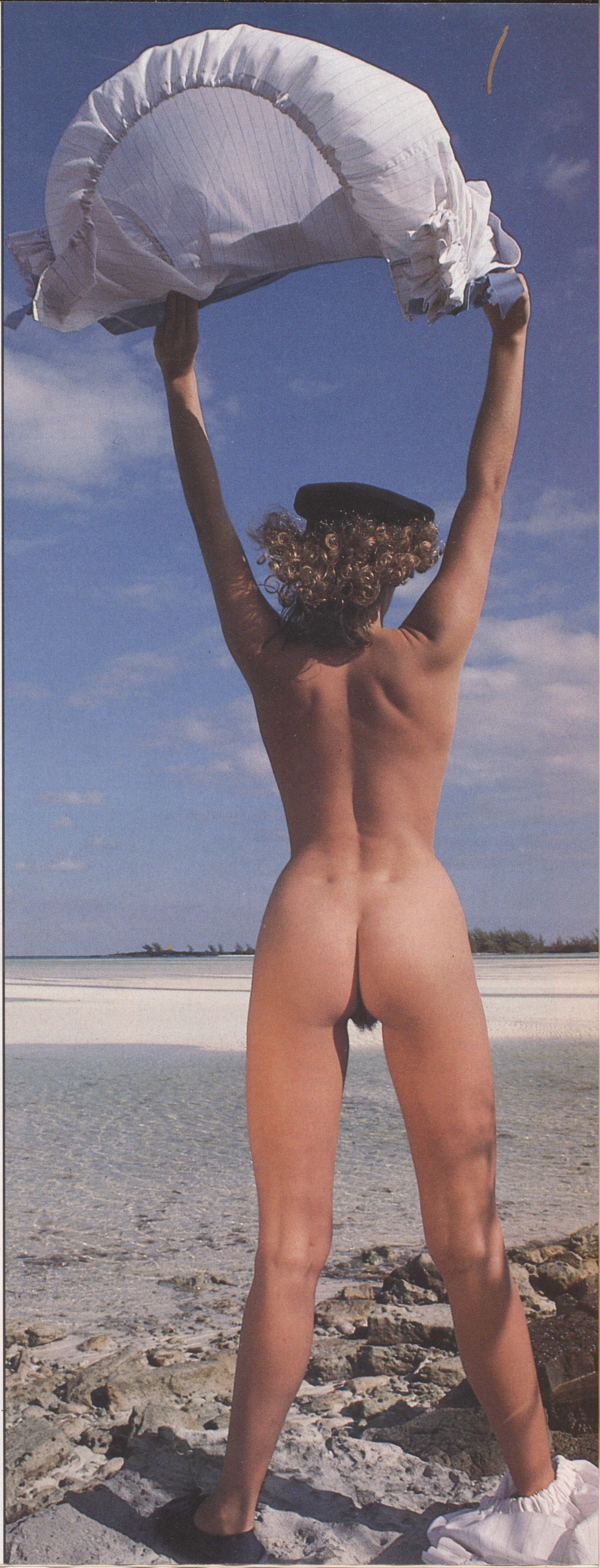
It seems to us that if you're really lazy enough to want a helicopter lift to the top of the slopes, you might as well spend your hard-earned down at the local with the rest of us. Thank heavens the season's nearly over...



Anais

Photographs by John Patrick Burgess

Say what you like about the French — and God knows our tabloid press do — they have a real sense of style. Take Anais Tibeaut, an 18-year-old from the Dordogne. Her idea of a day out at the seaside doesn't mean fish and chips and a game of footy on the beach, but a picnic of well matured Brie, fresh bread and a bottle of white Bordeaux followed by sunbathing on the deserted dunes — nude, of course. It was there our photographer found her, relaxing after a hard week on her parents' farm.



"I could never cope with life in the city," says Anais in her best English. "Too many people. What I hear of London, it is..." She makes a face. "Not for me, I think." But doesn't she get lonely, away from parties, discos and men? "I am shy, and do not go with men much," Anais admits. "Perhaps when I am older, I find a man, marry and have children." The sexual revolution may have missed the Dordogne, but Anais's civilised attitude does extend to nudity. "I like my body," she says. "So why not show off something you like?" Why not, indeed?

Destroyer destroyed: the moment of truth for Benn as Eubank piles on the agony in last year's title clash

boxing

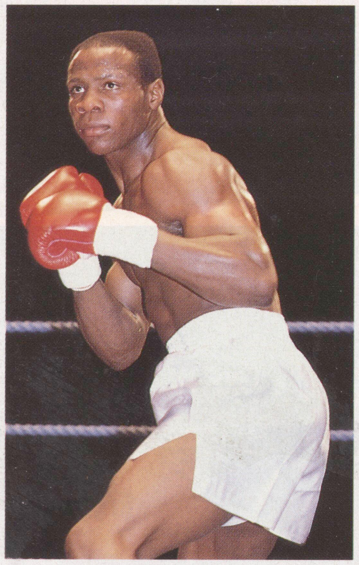
EUBANK ON IT

UNLIKE THE LEGENDARY light-heavyweight, Archie Moore, who claimed "What I do is philosophy," Chris Eubank thinks "Boxing is a mug's game." But Britain's only current world champion is not only our best pound-for-pound fighter for many a year, he is also our most arrogant, articulate and interesting. As Moore might have put it, "Eubank sure ain't no mug."

With a jaw of reinforced concrete and fists as relentless as a jackhammer, Eubank battered Nigel Benn, our biggest box office draw, into submission in a memorable collision of wills last November. On February 23rd, he defends his championship against Danny Sherry, the unbeaten American challenger from the Sugar Ray Leonard stable. But it is the damage he is doing to another image for which he may be best remembered.

Selecting his words as carefully as he does his punches, Eubank has piled into the boxing business itself. "This is a nasty industry where fighters are exploited," he says. "If you've got the goods, you'll make money; if you haven't, you'll be exploited. And even if you're good and you have a dumb brain, you will be exploited. This wrong, this exploitation, is something which must be set right."

Eubank is managed by Barry Hearn, who has done more than anyone to raise this harsh trade above the meatwagon. "I may be the new breed of manager but Chris is the new breed of fighter," says Hearn. "I work for him, not the other way round."



The 24-year-old World Boxing Organization middleweight champion can look after himself. Not only is he unbeaten in 25 paid fights, but the hard-slugging, slow-talking kid from Brighton was pretty difficult to deal with even before he learned his punishing profession.

Uncontrollable at home, he was put under a care order at 11. Thus began a tour of approved schools that stretched both his parents and the remand system. At 14, they could contain him no longer and he took to shop-lifting, making £100 a day in London's West End.

"I'm not ashamed of it," he claims, even though he is now a devout Christian and won a have-a-go award from the police for helping to catch a thief. "It's behind me now so I can talk about it. I mean, there are two kinds of people – those who ask and those who go out and get. I went out and got. I didn't beg for anything."

His apprenticeship did not meet with the approval of his father, who, using a New York family connection, sent his errant son to America. No, not West Point, but the South Bronx and, thanks to boxing, it was the making of him.

"The month I started high school, I started boxing," he recalls. "The idea was to keep me occupied but I went to the gym six days a week for three and a half years." He became a pro before he finished high school.

Another thing he couldn't wait to do was come back to Britain. He flew to the country he considered home the day after he graduated. "In America you're judged on the size of your wallet," he says, "and mine wasn't very fat. I also love Britain – it has the least racial prejudice of any country I've been to."

His Stateside experience allied to his street wisdom helped to forge his fighting philosophy. Chris was soon able to identify with the sentiments of Muhammad Ali, who once said of Joe Frazier: "How can you hate the guy who's just made you rich?"

But on one occasion hate seemed to appear in Eubank's normally placid face. Nigel Benn made him rich when he lost the WBO middle-weight crown on that frightening night last November, and those who recall the furious battering the challenger handed out to the Dark Destroyer may think Eubank isn't as cold and calculating as he claims.

"Not so," claims Eubank. "I did not need to hate him to beat him. I don't care much for knocking people out – that is not the craft. I train to go into the ring and have a boxing match, not just to take a guy out."

Having been able to mix showboating and sheer graft to such devastating effect, Eubank's comments are not to be sneezed at. Remember his previous fight, where a severely cut Kid Milo was at his mercy: Eubank held off, refusing to hurt his helpless opponent further.

Eubank doesn't lack a killer instinct, but it is commercial rather than callous. "What I am interested in is money. Having enough so no one can ever shove me into some corner where I am forced to do a 9-5 job. You can call boxing barbaric and I won't argue. But ask yourself what's worse – barbarity or humiliation?"

"Boxing is a hard and dirty game," he claims, "and if I'd known how hard and dirty it was, I'd never have started. I have the brain to go into many other fields, you know. Even now, my mentality is to make money, pay the mortgage and get out."

I might suggest it's a philosophy which has angered many in the establishment of the hardest sport of all – but then, most of them aren't shedding blood and sweat in the ring. And in any case, if Chris Eubank looked *you* in the eye and laid down the law – would *you* argue? – *Bob Holmes*

photography

WHET LOOK

ONE MAN hoping for a wet summer this year is painter and photographer David Wilkey. No, he's not related to the swimmer, but spends just as much time at the pool. That's because he specialises in capturing on film and

canvas women in soaking clothing, be it a drenched dress, gleaming jeans or shining stockings. "There's something about the sheen and cling of wet clothes that adds to the allure of a girl," he claims. Not that our secretary agrees. She got caught in a downpour this morning, and said she felt more like a drowned rat than a sex object.

Anyway as regular *Mayfair* readers know, Wilkey has recently released videos of his models bathing in his home town of (you guessed it) Bath, and has now produced a second book of stills to complement his first, *Moving Pictures*. Entitled *Second Skin* (Artscene Publications £12.50), it features 100 colour photos of girls about to catch their death of cold, but seemingly happy to do so. It also includes a selection of candid camera-style shots taken when girls have had a surprise dunking. Wilkey, it appears, is the papparazzi of wetlook!

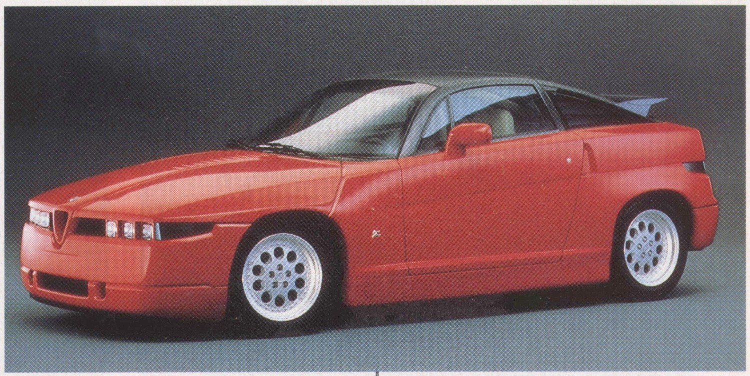
Second Skin is available by writing to Artscene Publications (Dept M), 11 Valley View Close, Larkhall, Bath, BA1 6TP. It's a lot safer than pushing a girl in the pool yourself. Some people have no sense of humour...

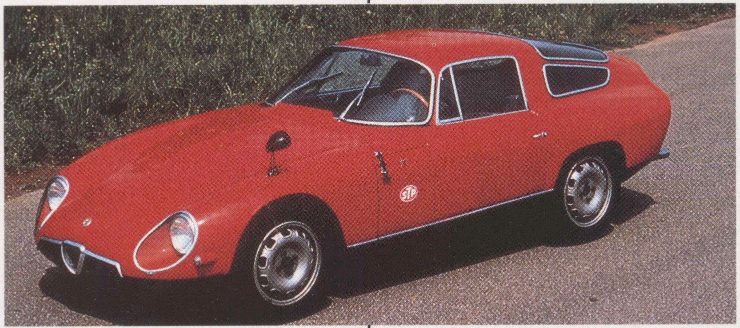
motoring

FIRST PASTA POST

ALFA ROMEO is 80 this year, and they've been whooping it up with a trans-European banjoree which has seen dozens of Alficianados driving classic Alfas worth billions of lire across the continent, probably quaffing a million litres of vino along the way. The celebrations culminate in London in an exhibition which takes a look at the unique foot-down fast-gearchange relationship which has long existed between the Italians and the motor car.

The exhibition, *Alfa Romeo, Sport Through Design* (Design Museum, Butler's Wharf, London SE1. Tel: 071-407-6267), runs until mid-March. With models, pictures, films and some very rare cars, it examines the way in which competition has been a driving force behind the creative development and design of successive Alfas. Although now part of Gianni Agnelli's massive Fiat empire (sharing space not just with Fiat, but also with Lancia, Ferrari, Maserati, Abarth and Autobianchi – almost the entire Italian motor industry in fact) Alfa Romeo has nevertheless managed to retain its identity as one of the oldest and most charismatic of marques. Indeed, no Italian sports car manufacturer has a pedigree as long as Alfa's.





Above: the Giulatz. Top right: the new SZ – designed by Zegato, possibly the ugliest Alfa ever. Bottom right: the 1967 33 Stradale: sleek, swoopy, sexy.

As long ago as 1910, a bunch of enthusiasts took over a bankrupt French-owned taxi factory, built some cars, and the following year entered the Targa Florio race. They didn't win that one, but soon won everything else. In fact, funded for a time by Mussolini, managed by a certain Mr Ferrari, and driven by the likes of Nuvolari, Caracciola and Fangio, the Alfa Romeo team cars were pretty much invincible.

At the same time, the company was commited to 'the evolution of form through function' – which, roughly translated from the pretentious, means that racing improves the breed. Thus success on the track quickly filtered down to the production line: what was good enough for the Mille Miglia was certainly good enough to run red lights in Roma, so Alfa started selling sexy cars with big engines.

Of course we're not talking here about fat-fendered rustbuckets like the Alfasud, or the vile Nissan-designed Arna, but the *real* ones like those on loan here from the Alfa museum in Milan.

Of the cars at Butler's Wharf, several will be relatively unfamiliar to British eyes. The Zegato-designed SZ, for example, while strictly speaking a current production model, is rarer than most Ferraris and sold out even before it had been officially offered for sale. It is both outstanding and eccentric. Outstanding because it will hit 160mph without missing a beat, and eccentric because like FAB 1 it's got six headlamps and looks, well, like no other car before or since. On seeing its aggressively squat and arrogant profile some might say, thank goodness.

The press called it 'Alfa's sinister supercar'. In fact it's just downright ugly. This isn't to say it hasn't done a good job: it put Alfa back on the map, and reminded the rest of us both how innovative the spaghetti-eaters are and how effective a well-sorted Italian GT car can be. As a result, whilst the SZ was expensive to buy new, secondhand ones cost much more.

For good looks, try instead the 1967 Coupe 33 Stradale. Making your average Lambo look like a Lada, it is definitely not to be confused with the naff 33 saloon which emerged some time later. With a lightweight, aerodynamically advanced architecture, the Stradale oozes the powerful sexuality which only an Italian car can. It has a sensuous, sculptural quality that quickly makes one understand why cars were once referred to as 'she'.

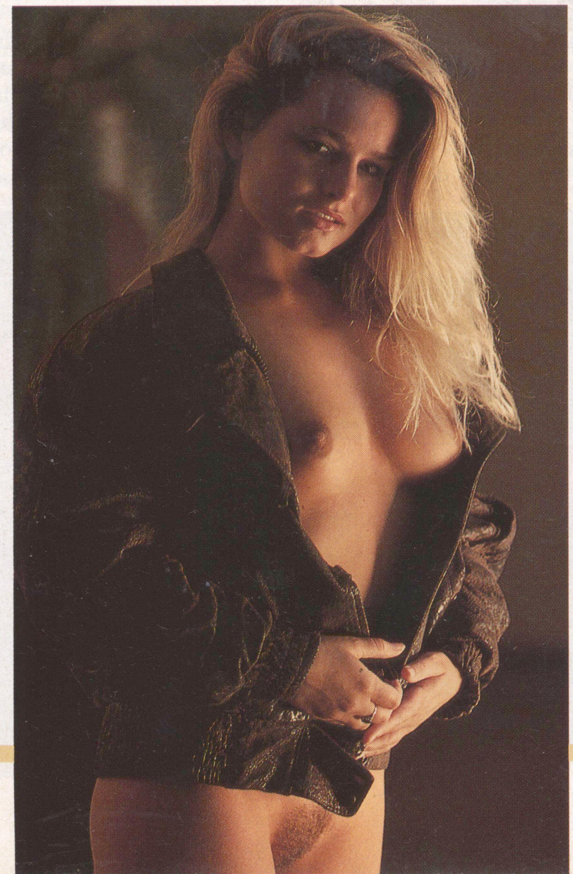
More importantly, it's very, very fast. Massively tyred and hugely powerful (260bhp+ from just two litres), the mid-engined V8 made it a genuine road-going racer with only the merest nod towards practicality. That's right, it'll hit a hundred before the lights have changed, but there's no room in the back for Mama.

This car alone makes a trip to the exhibition worthwhile, but there are also some lectures and car-related movies including *The Italian Job* and *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* which sound well worth missing. – *Tony Price*

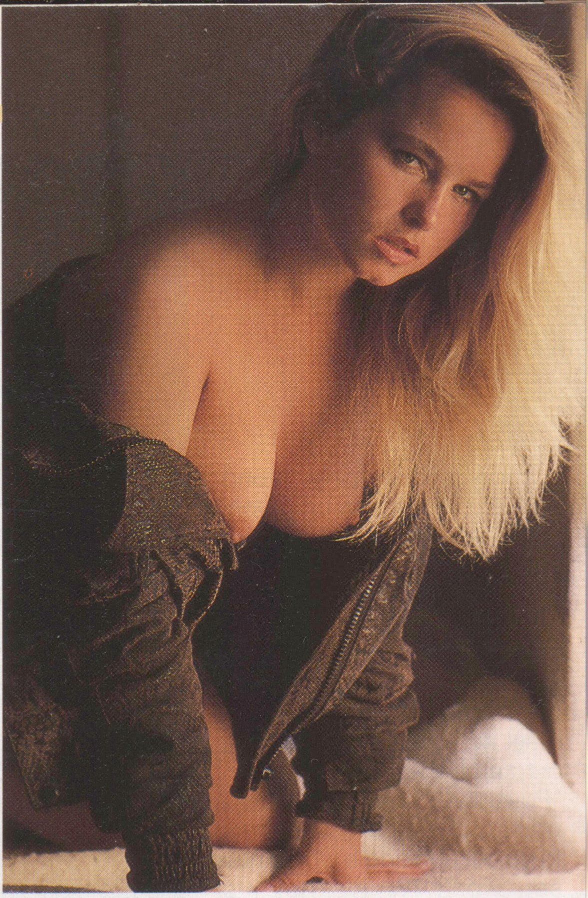
Joanne

The Birmingham suburb of Bourneville may be most famous for its chocolate, but when we reveal the unwrapped 36-24-35 form of Joanne Wilson, we reckon Cadbury's will have a serious rival. Sweet and tasty with a creamy complexion, the Wispa is that 20-year-old Joanne has just as many fans in Brum as Creme Eggs. "Yes, I have lots of men friends, I'd never call them boys! I think a girl should have guys for different

Photographs by Michael Moore

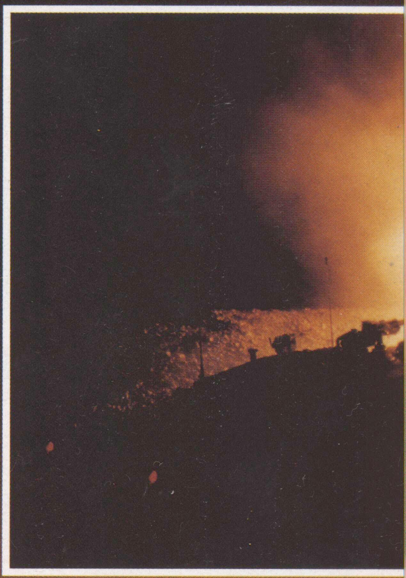


purposes. One for a friend, one for sex, and so on." Don't all her paramours get annoyed at being part of a team? "They don't know about one another!" confessed naughty Jo. "That's one advantage to Bourneville being a Quaker suburb — there are no pubs for them to meet in!" But now the story is out, surely they'll all desert her? "Possibly!" she said with a wicked grin. "So, I'll just have to go out and find a whole new set, won't I?" It's not just Cadbury's who spend months carefully choosing their assortments!



ARMOUR-GE

As we go to press, Allied forces teeter on the brink of the biggest tank battle the world has ever seen. Martin Temperley, who has driven every tank involved, takes you inside the machine that will make the difference – the American M1.



It could dwarf the titantic clash between the German and Soviet armies at Kursk in 1943; it could easily outweigh that brief, fearsome engagement in the Sinai Desert in 1967 between Israeli and Egyptian armour. The clash on the sands of Kuwait and Iraq is set to be the most frighteningly huge armoured battle in history. Massed ranks of the Iraqi Army's Soviet-designed T-72, T-62 and T-55 tanks are dug in, ready to emerge and engage the massed ranks of the best armoured fighting vehicles the West has to offer.

For the United States Army in particular it will be the first large-scale test of its modern armour. The M1 Abrams Main Battle Tank, conceived at immense cost to face a Soviet-led invasion in the mud and rain of central Germany, looks destined to fight its first action in the hot sands of Kuwait and Iraq.

More than 1,000 M1 and more powerful M1A1s are ranged under

DDON!

Main picture: Firing at night on the move is the greatest test of a tank gun's accuracy, but the M1's thermal imaging systems allow crew to fire accurately in the dark. *Far left:* sloping armour is designed to deflect shot. *Below left:* This 105mm-armed M1 has been joined by the more powerful 120mm M101 in Saudi Arabia. *Below:* The M1 is one of the fastest-accelerating tanks in the business.

Above: Desert operations are particularly tough. The crew of this Saudi-based Abrams may have to fight with all hatches closed for operation in chemical warfare conditions. Engine filters have to be frequently changed, and the vehicle will be engulfed in a cloud of sand when travelling at high speed. *Right:* The 12.7mm gun on the turret is mainly for anti-aircraft protection. A 7.72mm is also mounted on top, and another 7.62mm weapon is fitted to the turret.

the command of General H Norman Schwarzkopf, forming the heart of the armoured forces ranged against Saddam Hussein. Each of these 56-ton pieces of military hardware has cost the US $2.5 million. It is the undoubtedly the best tank the Americans have ever built, and it incorporates some very advanced equipment which has never before been tested in combat.

But the M1 is already locked in a tough commercial engagement on a Whitehall battlefield. Its performance in Kuwait will be closely watched by some anonymous gentlemen from the Ministry of Defence in London, who are thinking of buying 360 of a developed version – the M1A2 – for the British Army.

This other tank battle has a particularly bitter edge, for if the British Army chooses the M1 rather than Challenger 2, the British tank industry, which has its heart in a Vickers factory in Leeds, will be destroyed. Two other vehicles are competing against the Challenger 2 for the British order – the French Leclerc and an improved version of the German Leopard 2 – but none of these vehicles are stationed ready for action in the Gulf.

The M1's most revolutionary and controversial feature can be heard rather than seen. Where other main battle tanks roll to the accompaniment of an ear-splitting diesel roar, the M1 emits a distinctive, subdued, gas turbine whine. Its Textron Lycoming AGT 1500 power plant is essentially a jet engine specially designed to concentrate all its power into turning the shafts of a massive General Motors automatic gearbox.

Nearly every other tank manufacturer in the world has played safe, selecting big twelve-cylinder turbocharged diesels. Apart from the M1, only the Soviet T-80 uses a gas turbine engine, and intelligence experts predict that the next generation of Soviet tanks will revert to diesels.

The M1's power plant can be removed and replaced in one hour, but it's very thirsty. While the Lycoming engine is light, and capable of quickly accelerating the tank to 40 mph on road, there has been official criticism of its reliability. Heat and sand can play havoc with gas turbines, but US officials say that improved engine air filters have now been perfected after tests in Arizona. But even the US Army Forces *Stars and Stripes* newspaper questions the effects of the fine sand found in Saudi on the M1.

Armour experts tend to divide the main requirements of any tank into three areas: mobility, firepower, and armoured protection. Every tank design has to find a good compromise – extra armour means more weight and less space, which cuts down speed and cross country performance, but compensating with a more powerful engine means higher fuel consumption. Big guns require plenty of ammunition space.

The M1 scores well on firepower and mobility: cynics would say that is because it uses a German gun and British armour.

Hull and turret are covered by armour based on the legendary Chobham design. Details are still classified, but it is believed to consist of two layers of tough steel sandwiching special ceramic material and Kevlar composites. It is particularly designed to protect against deadly high explosive anti-tank rounds, which work like a blowtorch, blasting a stream of blazing gases at hyper velocity through conventional armour.

Two guns have been fitted to the M1 series. The original M1 used a 105-millimetre: this British-designed weapon is rated as a classic tank gun, exported and licence-built all over the world, but from 1986 the US switched to a bigger gun in the M1A1. After a controversial series of tests, the US Army chose a 120 millimetre gun from Germany's Rheinmetall. This is a very powerful smooth-bore weapon: 40 rounds of ammunition are carried.

British tank crews admire the fine optics in the M1's sights, especially the excellent thermal imaging system for seeing in the dark. Most of the systems for aiming and firing the gun are integrated together in a fire control system, under the control of a digital computer.

There used to be an argument that only the Germans and the Russians can build good tanks, but after three decades of mediocre designs, the Americans may have finally disproved it by using a careful selection of imported technology and some bold new ideas. For instance, new versions of the M1A1 are even using uranium as frontal armour. Although it sounds alarming, depleted uranium is reckoned to pose no risk to the crew, and it is more than twice as dense as steel.

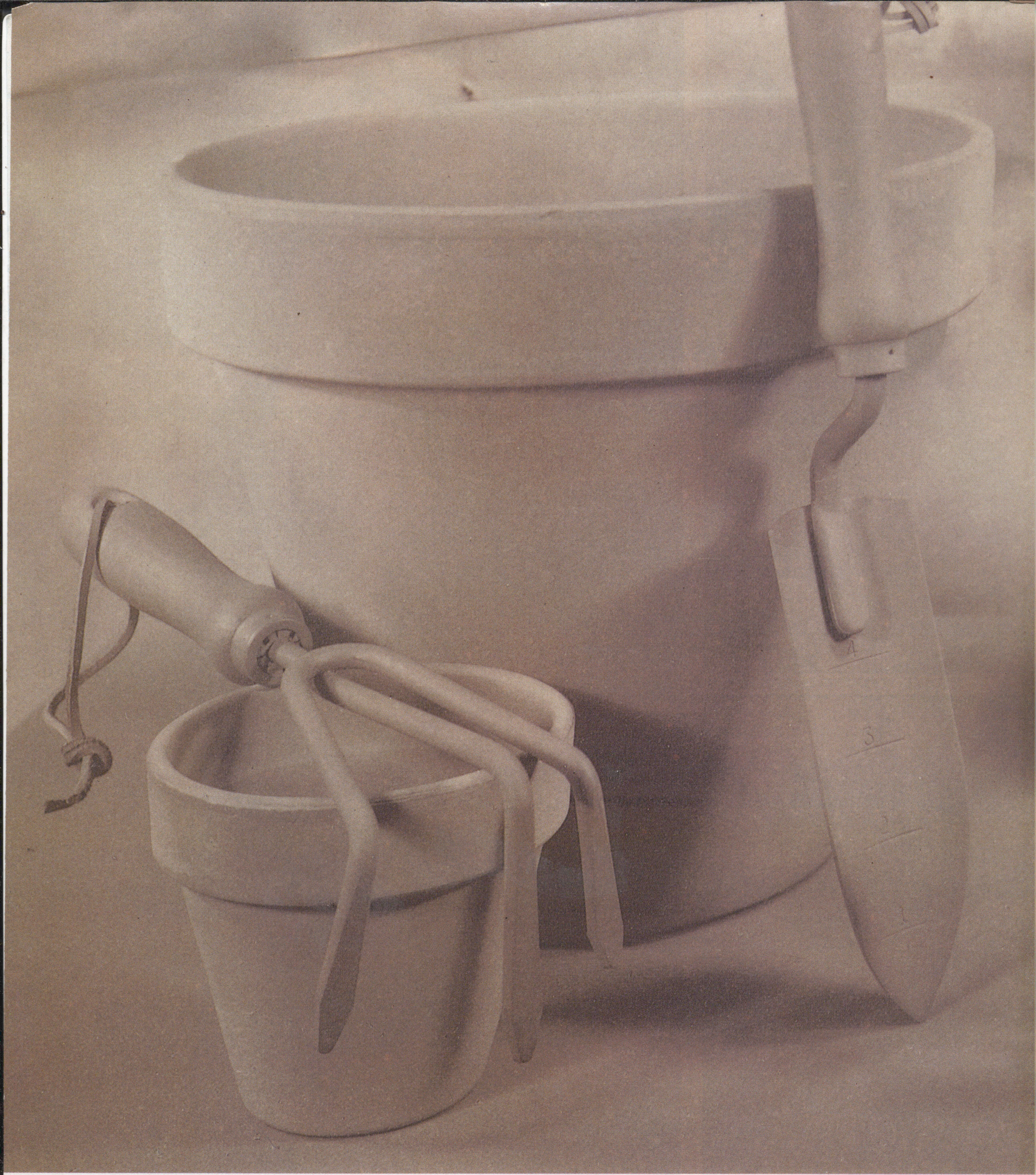
Tank warfare is a grim business, whether it is fought in the desert or in the corridors of defence ministries. Will the M1 prove victorious both on the battlefield and in the competition to supply the British Army? With a final MoD selection expected this spring, the answers may come at the same time.

Lara

Photographs by Matt Fisher

For those of you who are tired of all those skinny fashion model types, and long for a gorgeous, pretty, fulsome young lady, we present Lara. This busty 19-year-old comes originally from Skelmersdale, but her family has moved all over the country while her father followed his career in the RAF. "It made everything a bit confusing while I was growing up," says Lara. "It was tough to make new friends every couple of years, and I ended up being quite shy. I couldn't make friends – boys or girls – face to face. I used to rely on my pen pals: I had two girls and a boy I used to write to, they were a bit like me – awkward with

people, I suppose. I didn't have my first date with a boy until a few months ago, so I learnt all about sex from writing to my pen pals and reading their replies. All us girls used to write the boy these really steamy letters, and he'd write back telling us all the things he'd like to do with each one of us. I used to get so turned on by it!" laughs the teenager with the vivid imagination. Now, though, Lara has a real-life boyfriend of her own – though she's not saying how far things have gone. "I love being flattered and thinking I'm attractive to men," she says, "but I'm still a shy girl at heart. Let's say that he behaves like a gentleman... but I'm not sure how much longer I can behave like a lady!"



LOW TAR As defined by H.M. Government STOPPING SMOKING
Health Departments'

REDUCES THE RISK OF SERIOUS DISEASES
Chief Medical Officers

NICOLE

Why is it that so many of Britain's most gorgeous girls are secretaries? There must be something about the job that attracts the likes of 18-year-old Nicole Hartley. Was it the friendly office atmosphere she went for, or the management skills, or the opportunity to

Photographs by Jack Harrison

pilfer company pencils? "Well, actually I thought it might be a good way to find a husband," admits the Luton lass. "You always hear about bosses marrying their secretaries, don't you?" So does that mean those of us who make our own tea and don't drive Porsches are out of the running? "Oh no! Money isn't important: the most romantic, witty man I ever knew was on the dole. He was hard up, but he used to get me presents – once he sent me a cucumber with 'I love you' written on it in Tipp-Ex. Everybody thought he was cracked, but I told them it was the thought that counted!"

The Woman in Bed

Who could be sexier than gorgeous *Woman In Red* Kelly LeBrock? According to Hollywood stud Steven Seagal, it's sensual starlet Viviana. And he should know!

Sexy Hollywood superstar Kelly LeBrock really saw red when she found husband Steven Seagal had been seeing her dirty double!

Actor-producer Seagal met the aspiring Italian actress at the Cannes film festival, and went completely crazy over her fabulous figure and Latin good looks. The couple were seen together many times, and the world's gossip columnists frantically tried to find the identity of Seagal's 'Woman in Bed'.

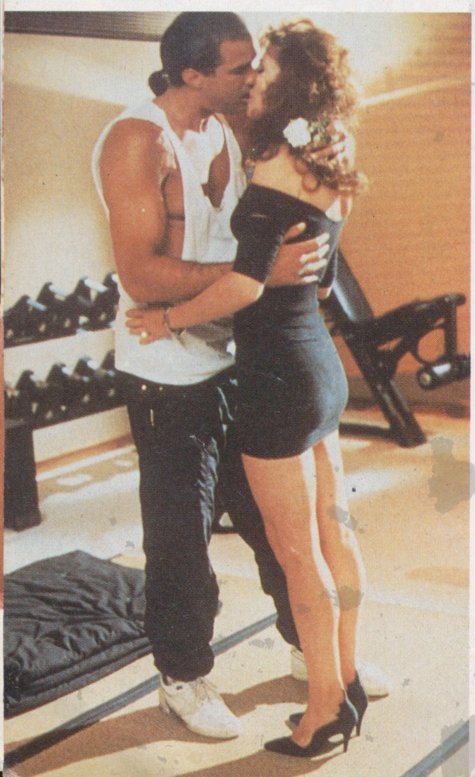
But now *Mayfair* has scooped the world with two exclusives: first, we can tell you that the mystery girl is 19-year-old Viviana Natale, star of Italy's sexiest game show, *Domenica In.* And to top that, we bring you the first ever nude photos of the woman Mr Seagal prefers to Kelly LeBrock!

Kelly and her husband first came to our attention as a hot couple when they co-starred in the violent cult film *Hard To Kill*, which Seagal also produced and scripted. When Seagal met Viviana, Kelly was expecting their second child—something of a coincidence, as he left his first wife and their two children for British actress LeBrock.

The pundits have all commented on Viviana's resemblance to Kelly. We just can't make up our minds which of these two ladies is the sexier: Mr Seagal may be the only man who *really* knows! As you can see from our stunning photographs of Viviana over these four pages, she has at least two very good points in her favour...

Lookalikes: On the left, Kelly LeBrock, the sexiest star of the 90s. On the right, Viviana Natale. Who would you choose?

Below: LeBrock and Seagal get intimate in a scene from their cult movie Hard To Kill. Below right: Kelly dressed to kill.



Above: a candid snap of Kelly, revealing more of her charms than usual! Below: that *film poster.*

Viviana at her sexiest, showing the pout and the pose that captivated Kelly LeBrock's husband Steven Seagal at Cannes. Turn over to see more of Italy's most succulent starlet.

c l a i r e

Photographs by Joanie Allum

"It really is my first time, honest!" says Claire. This 19-year-old from Southampton may be a little nervous, but she isn't showing it. That might have something to do with the fact that Claire, who measures 37-24-36, knows what it's like to be on the other side of the camera: she studied photography on her art course. "We did mainly still lives, but there was some nude work too," smiles our sweet centrefold. "It was funny stuff though – not sexy at all. I thought then, if I ever do modelling I want it to be seductive, sensual, as sexy as it can be. The idea grew on me, so I bought a copy of Mayfair and saw Joanie Allum's photos. Then I knew – that was where I had to be!" We're glad she chose so well.

MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
claire

Continued from page 4

Claudia was very uninhibited, telling me exactly what to do to give her the maximum enjoyment, and I found it very exciting to be with a girl who was so open when it came to discussing her body.

Claudia and I spend a lot of time together these days, and it's certainly been an eye-opener for me to have such a confidently sexy girlfriend. I really enjoy being told what to do by her in bed, and I'm even beginning to conquer my own shyness now — I'm sure it all comes of having such an expert teacher!

Name and address withheld

Back to basics

I wonder if I am unusual among your readers in finding a woman's back especially erotic. Oh, everyone knows how nice it is to look at a girl standing naked before you, especially if she has a shapely figure with firm breasts and rounded hips, but I find the back view even more attractive. Nothing can compare with a smooth, soft, lightly tanned back and pert bottom. Long hair makes the view even better, if it is allowed to flow over the shoulders and back in a natural cascade.

My girlfriend sometimes allows me to photograph her in this pose, wearing high heels which show off her long legs to perfection. So far we've never reached the end of a roll of film before I have to stop and give my natural inclinations full rein! So please, *Mayfair*, keep up the good work when it comes to showing us sensational backs and bottoms — and I'll remain a happy man!

RD, Telford

Sexy lessons

I was intrigued to read in Quest, Vol 26 No 1, that some women feel very shy about masturbating in front of their lover, and are often reluctant to admit that they even do it at all. I've been married for six years now, and I've discovered that playing with myself in front of my husband is an excellent way to get him — and myself — fully aroused.

When we first got married I was fairly inexperienced, and I would probably have been horrified by the idea of doing anything like that. Sex was largely a mystery to me, and I always used to end up feeling frustrated and let down. Things probably would have gone on like that forever, if I hadn't got tipsy one night with my best friend and poured out all my feelings of resentment and disappointment with my sex life.

Sarah's response made a lot of sense to me. "How can you expect John to understand your body if you don't really know it yourself?" she asked. The more I thought about it, the more obvious it became.

Next time I was alone in the house and feeling a bit adventurous, I decided to give it a whirl. I put on some soft music, undressed, and lay on my bed. Then I started to slide my hands over my whole body, paying special attention to my boobs and thighs. Once I was feeling really randy, I let my hands stray down to my crotch.

I'd never really explored myself down there before, but almost at once I began to experience a warm, tingling sensation. Finally I got up the courage to slip a finger inside myself — I was very wet by this time, so it happened very easily — and to my amazement, I felt the tremors of my first ever orgasm.

After that, I started masturbating quite often, but it probably would have remained my secret for ever, if my husband hadn't come home unexpectedly one day and caught me at it. I don't know if it was because I had the stereo on quite loudly, or just because I was getting so carried away, but I didn't even know John was in the house until he appeared in the bedroom doorway. For a long moment we just stared at each other, and then he said, "So this is what you get up to when I'm at work, is it?" We both laughed, which broke the tension, and then he came over to the bed, sat down beside me, and said very tenderly, "Why not carry on? I really love to see you this turned on."

At first I was too embarrassed, but John put his hand on top of mine, and the added pressure on my crotch was so exciting I just couldn't hold back. My eyes firmly fixed on the ceiling, I fingered myself to a climax.

When I looked back at John, I realised just how powerfully my performance had affected him. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes were bright, and there was a pronounced bulge in the front of his trousers. I quickly undressed him and pulled him on top of me, feeling rather daring.

I soon discovered that my masturbation session, plus the added thrill of being discovered, had made me feel much more sexy than usual; and as John's rigid cock pounded into me I orgasmed again. Naturally John was anxious to learn what had made me so much more passionate than I normally was, and asked me to show him how I turned myself on.

Since that day, I've had no hang-ups at all about pleasuring myself in front of John. I've found that if I start, and then let him take over, I enjoy sex more; and it takes the pressure off him to have to get it right every time. But above all, John enjoys watching me masturbate so much that I know if I stopped now we would both feel that an integral part of our sex life had been sacrificed.

SH, Kent

Carla for keeps

I never thought I'd bother writing anything nice to a magazine – now complaining, that's a different matter – but I thought I'd make an exception when I saw Carla in this month's issue (Vol 26 No 2). I've seen a lot of pretty girls in my time, but she's just got to be the best: faces are very important to me, and in that very first pic of Carla you can see she has the most beautiful, cheeky, sexy face I've ever seen. She's a bad girl though, saying things like "I want men out there to desire me": what the hell else are we going to do? You'd have to be made of lead not to desire Carla!

CT, London

Make me look smart – the photo's for a job application!

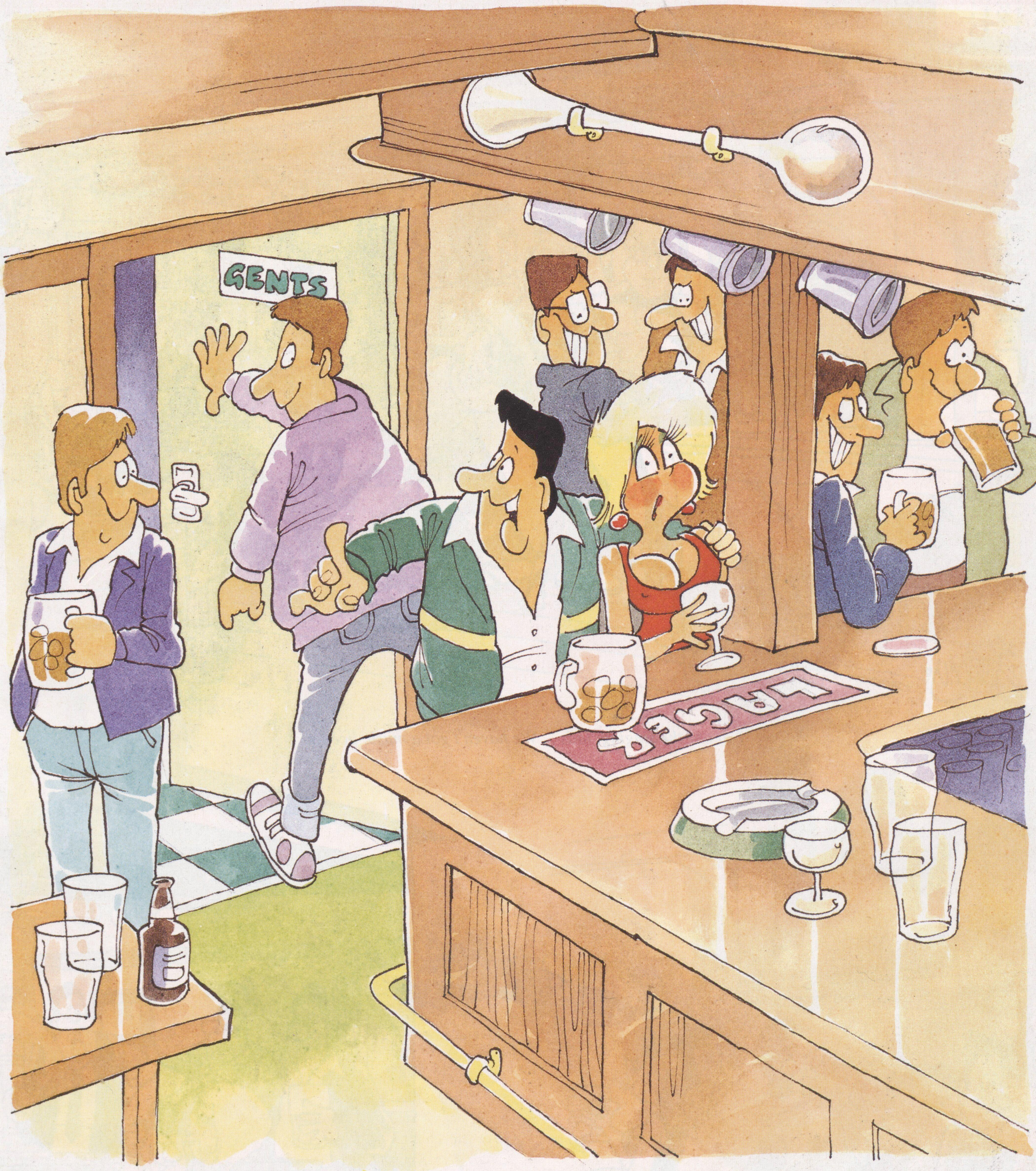
Fair shares

I'm a very happily married man, with a wife I adore and who makes me feel like a million dollars. However, that doesn't stop me from fantasizing about some pretty outrageous stuff!

My favourite scenario is to imagine my wife making love with another man, maybe one of my work colleagues or close friends. I know in real life I'd be appalled if she actually did something like that, as we've always been completely faithful to each other. But as a dream I think it's harmless enough.

What really fascinates me, though, is hearing about men who have encouraged their wives to have affairs with men they know, or even watched while their wife has made love to

Continued on page 98

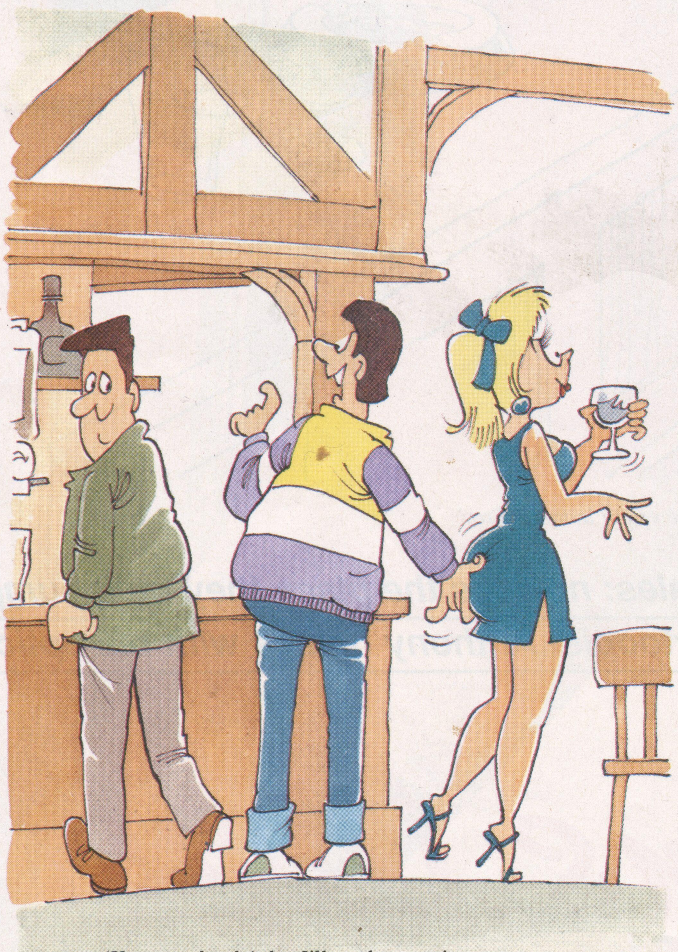


'Get a packet for me while you're in there, Trev'

The local used to be a retreat from females: now it's the place they pull, pump and get a couple of stiff ones down. Cartoonist Anthony fiddles with his optics

Bottoms Up!

'Cut out the singing, lads ... We haven't got a music licence'



'You get the drinks, I'll grab a seat'

'He often nips in for a quick one after work'

'Notice how everyone seems to be drinking doubles?'

'No, your husband hasn't popped in tonight, Mrs Chambers... But I think he's going to'

'I only drink to be sociable'

'Don't worry about Jayne... She's getting her own'

GIRL NEXT DOOR

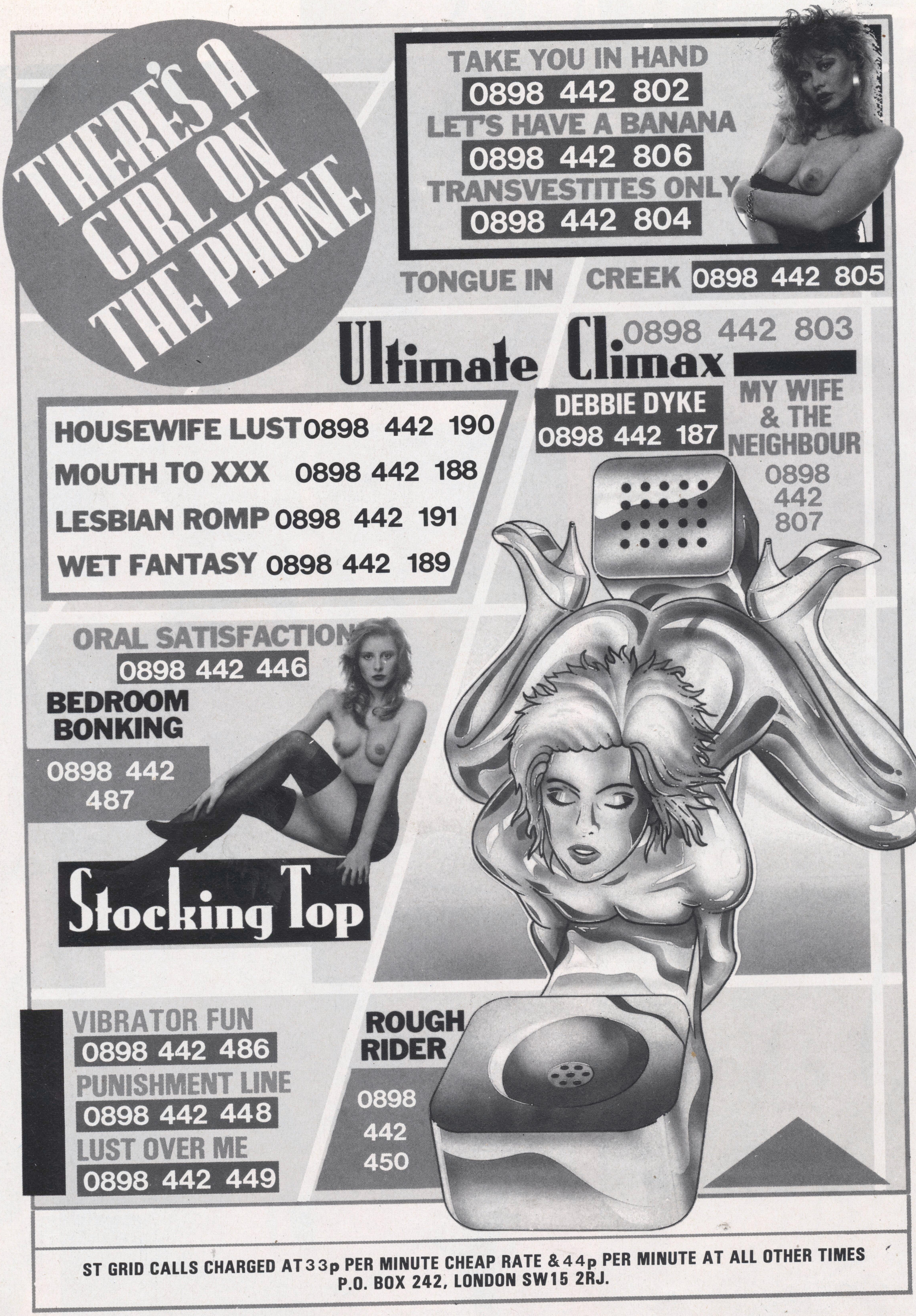
Rachel

Everybody needs good neighbours, and T.K. of Reading reckons his is the sexiest in Britain. He sent us a picture of her in the garden, with her permission, and we agreed she'd make a great model. So for the first time ever, we present 19-year-old Rachel Coleman.

Photographed by Ralph Medland

"I was amazed when *Mayfair* rang," Rachel recalled. "I've never thought of myself as a model. I've only gone topless on the beach once, but I really enjoyed posing. To be honest, it was quite a turn-on. Yes, I'd do it again but my boss would be astonished if I told him I was giving it all up for the bright lights of modelling. He's only ever seen me in an overall."

Rachel works in a pet shop, and with no make-up, her hair tied back and her 34-22-33 figure hidden by a brown coat, she reckons she's decidedly unsexy. "I mean, it hardly clings to my body, showing off the curve of my bum, does it? No wonder nobody ever chats me up." Somehow we think that's going to change very soon.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It is well known that women love to fantasize about sex with someone who mirrors their own physical attributes, and men long to witness their lover and another woman making love. Quest examines both the fantasy and the reality of such encounters, and how they fit into the sex lives of three of our respondents

Quest

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 22
Town of origin.... Hunstanton
Other details.... This plump shop assistant left school at 16 and has had a variety of shop jobs around her local area. She is single, but very sexually expierienced for her years.

Quest: When we contacted you, lesbian sex was the main topic that you were interested in discussing. Why was that?
Shop Assistant: It's something that I've just discovered, and it's made me totally re-evaluate the way I think about sex. This sounds corny, but I feel that only since my first female encounter have I been able to really uncover my own sexuality.
Quest: When did this happen?
Shop Assistant: The idea didn't cross my mind until I was 19, and in my first proper sexual relationship. My boyfriend, Daryl, was a bit of a clod between the sheets, but then I was so young I didn't know any better.

Quest: That was your first sexual experience?
Shop Assistant: Not likely! I mean, where I come from, everyone was desperate to lose their cherry as soon as they could! Sex was about the only thing for young people to get up to in Hunstanton when it wasn't the holiday season. Also, because I was quite a bit plumper than I am now, I had a real complex about my body, so if I could get off with a bloke and get him to have sex with me, I felt better about myself. More attractive, more wanted.
Quest: So you had sex with how many men before this relationship with Daryl?
Shop Assistant: I've lost count. But it was all very basic stuff. You know, a bit of fiddling with my fanny lips, then I'd pull my knickers off so the bloke could push inside me, he'd thrust a few times and that would be it. Because my sex education was pretty basic, I thought that was all there was to it. With Daryl things got a bit more complicated, just because we didn't only have sex once or twice.
Quest: So your sex life with him was very much a learning process?
Shop Assistant: Oh yes, definitely. I think it always has to be, doesn't it? I mean, the first time I slept with Daryl was a disaster. He was a virgin, for starters, which I had no idea about, and it was all over very quickly. We did it on the carpet in his living room, which could have been nice, I suppose, except that all I could think of was that his mother might hear us at it and come downstairs! And Daryl was

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Quest

so into the idea of actually losing his virginity to the girl he'd fancied for a year and a half, that I don't think he noticed that I was just lying there stiff as a board. A couple of grunts later it was all over; Daryl had come as soon as he'd got inside me. The ironic thing was that Daryl thought it was wonderful, but all I could think was, 'Oh Christ, not this again'.
Quest: But you said earlier that you had to learn how to have sex with Daryl.
Shop Assistant: Yes, and that's something which was always a bone of contention with Daryl and me, and why we finally split up. I

She tongued me all over, which just drove me so mad I creamed myself.

was really willing to learn about sex, but Daryl just didn't want to try anything out. I had to practically threaten that I'd never sleep with him again before he'd even consider the idea.
Quest: So what did you do?
Shop Assistant: I'm sure you'll think me very naive when I tell you, but what you've got to remember is that this was three years ago.

What I did was to get hold of Daryl's girlie magazines and give them a damn thorough read! Being a typical lad, he had a huge pile of them at the bottom of his wardrobe, but he'd never let me even have a glimpse. They weren't for girls, he said. So when I actually sat down and read one from cover to cover, I was shocked at the way it made me feel.
Quest: And how did it make you feel?
Shop Assistant: Turned on, most definitely. Really, unbelievably horny! I could feel myself getting wet as I turned the pages and saw letter after letter from normal people, girls and blokes just like me and Daryl, talking about the fantastic sex they'd had. And I was surprised that I got turned on by looking at other women naked, being proud to show off their bodies to anyone who cared to look at the magazine. In fact, leafing through that mag, I came without even touching my body, just by squeezing my thighs together tightly and thinking that all the girls on the pages were really looking at me, and watching me.

Quest: How did you feel after this experience?
Shop Assistant: Guilty, mainly, as if I'd been unfaithful to Daryl or something. Full of ideas too, most of which I tried out on Daryl later. And also ashamed, as if my loss of control was my fault, when it wasn't that at all. I'd got that all wrong — it was just the sexy, secret me coming through! But as I said earlier, it was only recently with my lesbian experience that I've given full rein to my sexuality.
Quest: And how did Daryl take all this?
Shop Assistant: Better than I expected, though I never admitted to him that I'd been reading his girlie mags. He'd have had a fit! But it did mean that I had the courage to get more adventurous in our sex life. For instance, I found out that I liked being done from behind, because I could really feel his penis inside me that way. I'll never forget the first time we had sex like that. It was on my bed, and I was gripping the foot of the bed and staring right into my dressing table mirror so that I could see Daryl behind me, up on his knees with his cock in his hand, staring lustfully at my bum cheeks, then thrusting right up me. I made my vaginal walls grip him hard, though I was glad he was watching the movement of his cock and not the mirror, or he'd have seen me diddling with my clitty as he was screwing me. I was being shafted so hard I thought I'd fall off the bed, but that was one of the best climaxes of my life. Sometimes, when I'm masturbating, I think of that night.
Quest: But you moved on from Daryl.
Shop Assistant: Yes, because he wasn't fulfilling me enough, sexually or otherwise. I was more knowledgable about sex, and far keener on it too by then.
Quest: So, seeing those pictures of women gave you a new lease of sex life?
Shop Assistant: Yes, certainly, although it wasn't until last year that I made love to a woman. It's only happened once, but I know that it'll probably happen again — but I also know I'm not a lesbian.
Quest: So how did it happen, if you don't really find women sexually attractive?
Shop Assistant: I was seduced really. I shan't go into details, mainly because someone might put two and two together and realise who I'm talking about. This woman is very good looking, well very groomed and pretty prominent locally. She just took a fancy to me, and determined to get me into bed with her, which she did. Just once so far, but it was an incredible experience, unlike sex with a bloke and all the more exciting because it was what I'd been reading about, what had got me so worked up when I'd seen it in the magazine. Our sex lasted for so long, and didn't stop and start, like with my male lovers, but just went on and on. What made it so special was that she used her tongue so much, which has always been a particular fetish of mine. When we first got undressed she licked all my little sexy zones, like behind my knees and ears, and the back of my neck, and then when we got onto the bed she tongued me all over, which just drove me so mad I creamed myself. She seemed to have all the time in the world too.
Quest: Was it better than sex with a boyfriend?
Shop Assistant: Just different. Although I must say that judging by this experience, women are much better than men when it comes to going down on a girl! I'm now much more willing to take an active role in sex, which she encouraged me to do when we were in bed together. I find this especially important as I've got several new lovers now. I've learned that I like to give in bed as well as take, and I found that easier to learn from a woman.
Quest: Do your new lovers know about this female lover?
Shop Assistant: Yes, and they all find the idea a great turn-on. But it's something I want to keep separate from my relationship with them. It's a private part of myself.
Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Male
Age.... 26
Town of origin.... Peterborough
Other details.... This interviewee is a fair haired science teacher at a large comprehensive. He lives with his wife and his three young children, and has been married for five years.

Quest: You and your wife married very young. Do you find that your sex life has changed much from when you first met?
Teacher: Yes, because we were only 20 when we got married — my wife had fallen pregnant while we were still at college and her parents insisted. I think they were shocked that we'd actually been sleeping together. I don't think they had even considered the possibility that we might be having sex. If only they knew that when I met Carolyn, she had the reputation of being the best cocksucker on the campus!
Quest: Your family quickly increased though.

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Quest

She gets on her knees, lifts Miss Jones' skirt, and starts to nuzzle and stroke her.

Teacher: Yes, Carolyn had always wanted a large family, so once our first child was born, she decided that as she'd started she might as well finish. The only thing I insisted upon was that we didn't let this affect our sex life, which had always been very good indeed. Carolyn always likes to be very much the leader, and I'm quite happy to follow.

Quest: And fantasy has always played a big role in your sex lives, hasn't it?

Teacher: Yes. I think that imagination is all-important in the bedroom, and so I've always maintained that my wife should try to share her fantasies with me, as I do with her. Just hearing my wife tell me about someone she's seen in the street that day who's made her feel horny, or something she's read in a book that's got her wet, gives me a hard-on. And when we've got three small children running around the house it isn't always easy to sneak off for a quickie, or spend time getting each other aroused, but you can talk and fantasize any time, anywhere. We can get aroused before we get to the bedroom to the point where all Carolyn does is take off her knickers before I enter her. Usually at this stage I can slip right up her in one movement because she's so wet and ready for me — and if the kids aren't too close by she likes to get a bit fruity with her language, because she knows that really turns me on.

Quest: It seems as if your wife is definitely dominant in the bedroom.

Teacher: Yes, that's for sure! But frankly, I love it when she tells me what to do to her, and gets a bit stern — almost as if she's the schoolmarm and I'm her pupil. She says stuff like: 'Go on, get it up me. I want you to give it to me just the way I like it, deep in my snatch. I want to feel your balls tickling my pussy when you're fucking me'. Only, of course, it's not usually quite so coherent by the end!

Quest: And does your wife ever make you play out any of the fantasies that you describe in detail to each other? Or are you both content to let them remain as fantasies?

Teacher: That depends. In general, we act out the fantasies that just involve ourselves. It's great fun, and it's got us into a few sticky situations to say the least! But those fantasies where other partners are involved are trickier. Although I love the idea of my wife making love to another partner, in practice I don't know if I'd be that keen on watching it. I've never been unfaithful to my wife either — not in the flesh, at least — although I can't honestly say that I haven't thought about it, or that I'm sure she hasn't been with anyone else.

Quest: Could you describe your fantasies in a little more detail for me? Your wife's favourite fantasy is...

Teacher: The lesbian one. I've talked to Carolyn about this often, and she says that several of her female friends admit to fantasizing about going to bed with another woman when they're masturbating. And I know Carolyn does herself. One thing she's never let me do is watch her masturbating. So it's always fascinated me thinking about what Carolyn turns herself on with when she's just got her fingers or her vibrator to make use of. Gradually over the years we've confessed all our fantasies to each other, but her lesbian one was the last one to come out.

Quest: And did that make you feel at all threatened?

Teacher: Not really, because Carolyn always fantasizes about women she knows, and so usually I know them too and know that there's no chance of anything happening between them. The idea of it makes me feel very excited, because most men would admit that they find the idea of watching two women making love almost irresistible.

Quest: Would you describe the fantasy that your wife has?

Teacher: The best one is where she seduces one of her work colleagues. Carolyn works part-time as a librarian, and I gather that her superior is a very austere, good-looking woman in her late thirties. It's almost the classic male fantasy really; the tweedy suit, the prim glasses, the hair tied back in a tight bun, that kind of thing. Apparently this woman always wears those very old-fashioned stockings too, the sheer dark brown ones with the seams down the back of the leg, and Carolyn finds this a great turn-on.

Quest: How does her fantasy proceed? Does she change her character for it?

Teacher: It's funny you should say that, because the way that Carolyn describes it to me, part of what gets her off is that after she's made the initial move and done the seduction bit, it's the other woman who becomes the dominant one. The scene starts off when they work late one night. Carolyn goes to make a cup of tea in the staff room after they lock up, and this other woman — I'll call her Miss Jones — follows her in to prepare for going home. She takes off her glasses and lets her hair down from its bun, which Carolyn has never seen before. She immediately feels very wet and tingly in her pussy, and can't take her eyes off her boss, who seems oblivious to the whole thing. By the time we get to this part of the story, I've always got a really huge erection, and my cock is so eager for sex that it's almost painful — but half the enjoyment is knowing that I can't have an orgasm until the story is completely finished.

Quest: You enjoy that kind of pleasurable ache then?

Teacher: Christ, yes. Carolyn then continues by saying that she approaches her employer and compliments her on how much better she looks. Miss Jones smiles at her and then Carolyn loses control of herself; she just *has* to touch Miss Jones, and before she can stop herself she kisses her passionately, full on the lips, and presses her breasts close into Miss Jones' own bust. They can both feel that the other is aroused when their nipples brush together, but Carolyn knows that she has to make this initial move. That's when she gets down on her knees, lifts Miss Jones' skirt and starts to nuzzle and stroke her pussy through her panties.

Quest: Is it at this point that Miss Jones becomes the dominant partner?

Teacher: Yes, what happens is that Miss Jones asks her to stroke harder, to play with her clitoris. Carolyn is shocked by this tone, but complies; but it's not enough for Miss Jones. She gently pushes Carolyn onto her back on the floor, then stands over her with her legs spread so that Carolyn gets a good look at her pussy, which is very wet and puffy by then, before she pulls aside the gusset of her panties and sinks down onto Carolyn's face. 'Tongue me hard, you dirty bitch,' she says, and Carolyn has to grip Miss Jones' buttocks while she brings her off with her tongue. Just as she thinks that Miss Jones is satisfied, she demands even more, until Carolyn is almost exhausted. It is at this point that Miss Jones rolls over onto her back, taking Carolyn on top of her, and starts to kiss and bite her boobs

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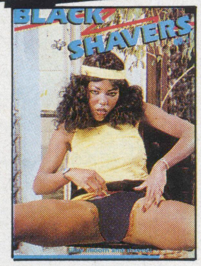

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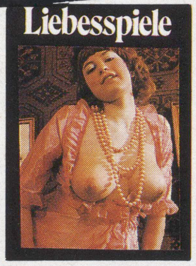

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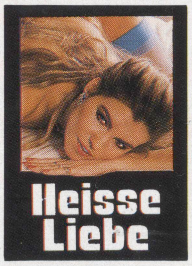

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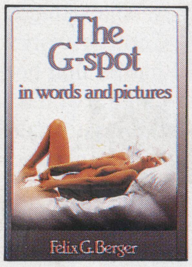

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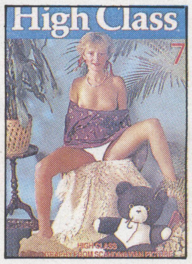

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Quest

quite roughly while making Carolyn finger herself to orgasm.
Quest: It's the fact that Carolyn isn't in charge here that excites her?
Teacher: Yes, and me too. Carolyn says that she'd love to be the compliant one but could only do that with another woman — something which has a lot to do with her whole attitude towards men, I reckon! I love the idea of her totally losing control in front of another person too, something which I don't think she really achieves when we have sex.
Quest: Do you come when she's telling this story?
Teacher: Always. I masturbate myself while she's talking, and usually I can't wait and spurt before we've even had the sex which comes afterwards, though sometimes Carolyn can see this and manages to suck me off before it's too late. But usually she's so absorbed in her own feelings that she just writhes on the bed in total pleasure, not really noticing me at all towards the end. She always comes several times without even touching herself, a skill which I really envy!
Quest: Have you asked your wife if she would ever act out this idea for real?
Teacher: We've discussed it many times, but so far she's always shied away from it. If she did have a lesbian experience, I know she'd never let me watch though.
Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 32
Town of origin.... Rochester
Other details.... This divorced redhead owns a fashionable boutique and has a millionaire lover who has no idea that she is bisexual.

Quest: How long have you been actively bisexual?
Retailer: About ten years now. But I've known that I fancied women way before that. It took me a long while to finally come out of the closet about my sexuality, and when I did it was such a relief.
Quest: You were married, weren't you?
Retailer: Yes, and I was very lucky that my husband was very understanding and supportive of me. I soon found out why!
Quest: Describe what happened when you told your husband that you wanted to go to bed with women.
Retailer: More clearly I remember the build-up to to it, the feeling that I just had to tell him or I'd burst. Ray had always been suspicious about my friend Janet and myself, though he'd never dared accuse us of sleeping together. For the last ten years, on and off, Janet's been my lesbian lover.
Quest: Is Janet bisexual too? And does she mind the fact that you sleep with men as well as women?
Retailer: She doesn't mind — she just doesn't understand it. She seduced me at my 21st birthday party. I was engaged to Ray, my ex-husband, then, and we had a row which led to him storming off home. Most people had left by then too.
Quest: Would you describe the seduction?

I knelt up on the bed with my legs straddling her and brought myself to a climax.

Retailer: It happened very suddenly. After Ray had stormed off I dashed up to my room and just stood there crying, until Janet knocked at the door. She tried to cheer me up but I was inconsolable. So she stroked my hair and tried to soothe me with cuddles and little kisses, then I felt her hands get more adventurous, moving lower, covering my breasts. I stiffened with shock then, but at the same time I knew I was getting aroused. My pussy was wet, and I felt my clitoris actually throb.
Quest: You had never felt like this having sex with a man.
Retailer: No, never. Ray and I only ever had sex about once a fortnight. But Janet, who I'd known for years, was making me feel like the most rampant, dirty, wonderfully free, sexy animal! I don't know what came over me but I just turned around and pushed her back onto my bed. I felt her all over: her feet, her thighs, her stomach, her boobs, her neck, between her legs. I just couldn't stop touching her. Her pussy tasted so good that I was greedy; I brought her off instantly, the minute my tongue was inside her. Then I did something that was very out of character for me. I knelt up on the bed, with my legs straddling her, pulled my pussy lips apart and masturbated myself to a climax! I was just so turned on by then, nothing could have stopped me.
Quest: Was it then that you decided to tell Ray about you and Janet?
Retailer: I didn't pluck up the courage until two years later, when we'd been married 18 months. I was terrified about what he would say, but there was no way that I could give up my sex sessions with Janet.
Quest: What was Ray's reaction when you finally told him?
Retailer: He found it an immense thrill to

imagine that his own wife was actually doing the kind of things that he'd only seen in blue movies. He let me talk until I'd spilled everything out, then asked me in great detail about our sexual encounters: did we use vibrators or just our fingers, did we use the 69 position or do it face to face, did I prefer going down on Janet or having her do it to me, did tongues or fingers make us come more quickly, that kind of thing.
Quest: And Ray's knowledge led to a very sexually charged situation, didn't it?
Retailer: Yes. Ray asked me to let him watch us making love. At first it seemed very awkward, with Ray sitting there in the bedroom, but as soon as Janet took the lead I just forgot he was there. Janet seemed to tease me more than usual. She massaged me all over, deliberately avoiding the very areas I wanted to be touched on, my pussy and breasts. Eventually I lost control and yelled, 'Please suck me, Janet, suck my boobs,' so she sucked them for all she was worth, but she still wouldn't touch my pussy. I was reduced to playing with myself, and I came a couple of times but it wasn't enough. Janet had moved to sitting on my face, making me tongue her clitoris, and that was wonderful, believe me. I raised my hips and wriggled them, hoping that Janet would put her fingers inside me...
Quest: But Ray was there first?
Retailer: Yes, I'd never felt his cock so hard and urgent as he pushed it up me. I was desperate to come by then too, and the feel of him filling me up and building up his thrusting rhythm sent me right over the edge. I don't think I've ever come so hard.
Quest: And your current male lover has no idea about this side of your life, has he?
Retailer: No, and I intend that it should remain that way. Sex with him is great but I'll always need women too now. His idea of lesbian sex is a lot of butch types in overalls brandishing dildos! He'd never accept that I need to have sex with women.
Quest: Thank you.

LOVE POTION

Sidney couldn't score to save his life, but Madame Sophia saw magic in his balls and gave him that irresistible charm...

by Reed Manning

"Here's that letter you wanted, Sidney."

Ruth stopped in front of Sidney's desk and extended the piece of paper, dangling it just in front of her saucy, perfectly proportioned breasts. She was wearing one of those white blouses that, while modest enough for the office, left Sidney unable to tell whether or not she had a bra on.

Were those nipples he saw, or just crinkles in the fabric?

He took the letter. She immediately headed back to the secretarial office. It was now or never, he thought, and he spoke to her before he had time to chicken out.

"Ruth?"

She stopped, turned, and raised a pretty eyebrow.

"Would you... would you like to go out to dinner with me some time?" The back of Sidney's throat dried to the texture of straw as he spoke.

"No," she said, and vanished into the hallway.

Sidney tapped his fingernails on the desktop. Again. This time Ruth, last time his best friend's sister. He hadn't had a date in ten months. What was wrong? True, he was short. True, he wore glasses. True, he still let his mother select his wardrobe. But he was the best accountant the company had ever had. Why wouldn't women give him a chance?

Later that day he came across an advertisement buried in the back of a newspaper:

"I can make you irresistible to women." — MADAME SOPHIA.

He forgot the ad during the course of the day, but it so happened that *Madame Sophia's* lay along his route home. He saw the little neon sign offering palmistry, fortune telling and astrological consultation; and on a whim, he got off at the next bus stop and walked back to the tiny shop.

The waiting room smelled strongly of incense. A doorway, curtained with maroon gauze, led deeper inside. Sidney rang the little brass bell at the front counter.

"Come in," said a sultry voice from behind the curtain. Sidney entered a small, dark parlour. Most of the room was taken up by a round card table covered with a floor-length

white tablecloth. Behind it a thin gypsy woman, her black hair tied with a scarf, nodded at Sidney.

"Sit down. I have been waiting for you," she said soothingly. "Tell me your problem."

Sidney tried not to stammer. "Uh, it's erm, personal."

"You can't get a date?"

Sidney's jaw dropped. "How... how...?"

"I've seen your kind before," she answered, smiling. "What's important is, I can help you. All you need is this." She set a tiny bottle on the table. "Drink it, and any woman within smelling distance will want to jump into bed with you."

"A love potion?" Sidney ran his fingers along the contours of the bottle. It was shaped like a nude woman, and contained at most one swallow.

"Not exactly. A genuine 'love' potion would be much more expensive. But this should cure your immediate difficulties."

"How much is it?"

"Five pounds. Money back if it doesn't work."

"Why so cheap?"

Madame Sophia smiled once more. "My customers always come back."

* * *

Sidney held the little bottle tightly in his palm as he leaned through the doorway of the secretarial office. Of the four secretaries that worked for Sidney's department, three had gone to lunch, leaving Ruth tapping away at her word processor all alone. Sidney stared at her slender ankles just visible under her desk, licked his lips, and gulped down the potion.

It rolled down his throat like cough syrup, leaving a faint medicinal aftertaste. He felt no effect. Ruth did not take her eyes off the rows of green letters. Have faith, he thought, and strolled over to her. He bumped into her wastebasket.

"Oh, I'm sorry," he said, heat rising to his cheeks. He straightened the bin and picked up the scattered litter. Ruth gave him a whithering look.

He stood there, feeling more foolish all the time. He had forgotten his rehearsed lines. After a few moments of the secretary's disinterested gaze, he turned to go.

"Something I can do for you?"

Sidney stopped. Her tone had almost sounded warm. When he met her eyes, they stared directly back. He inched a little closer.

"Well, actually, Ruth..."

She was leaning towards him eagerly now.

"Well, Ruth," Sidney continued, suddenly confident. "How would you like to step into my office for a second?"

At first he couldn't believe he'd actually said it. He was sure that he'd get a rapid slap in the face. Then Ruth grabbed him by the arm and pulled him down the hall. They didn't even check to make sure nobody saw them going into Sidney's office. They had scarcely entered the room and closed the door before she was unzipping his trousers. His member popped out into her eager palm.

"Oh, Sidney, you should've told me." Her hands, now wrapped side by side around the shaft, barely covered half of its length. As the head settled onto the tip of Ruth's tongue, it swelled to its impressive limit.

Now they would all know, he thought happily, and began to concentrate on the pleasure rising from his crotch. He watched in amazement as Ruth's lips swallowed him inch by inch, right up to the root. The back of her throat was hot, the palate firm against the end of his organ. She kept him there for a solid ten seconds, then began sliding him all the way in and almost all the way out without pausing, over and over, until he thought he would surely come.

"I've got to have you," Ruth said suddenly, and pulled him roughly down on his chair. She pulled off her panties, lifted her skirt, straddled him, and impaled herself. She slid smoothly up and down, her strong young legs rippling with the exercise. Gradually she picked up the pace, until he came and came and came, her muscles expertly milking each spurt out of him. He shuddered one last time, tears streaming out of his eyes.

"I've got to have you," Ruth said suddenly, and pulled him roughly down onto his chair

Ruth's face was flushed, her hair dishevelled and sweaty. She'd never looked more beautiful.

"We'll have to do this again soon," Sydney said.

"Oh, yes!" She nodded avidly.

"See you at my place tonight?" he asked, breathless.

"I'll be there," she sighed.

Sidney could hardly keep from dancing on his desktop for the rest of the afternoon. He let his work slide and leaned back in his chair, anticipating the evening's activities. So distracting was the thought, he decided to leave the office early.

He whistled a song as he stepped into the lift, hardly glancing at the wrinkled little old lady already aboard. The lift lurched gently and began to descend to the ground floor.

They jolted to a halt. Sidney looked up in alarm, and found that the little old lady had just pushed the emergency button.

"Hey, what are you..." he began.

She was down on her bony knees in a flash, and Sidney's trousers were down around his ankles.

"Hey, stop that!" he cried, but she took no notice. She wouldn't let him near the control panel, either, her strength astonishing for an old lady. I don't believe this, he thought. The potion! It must still be working.

Finally he managed to press the button, and as the lift doors opened he dived out. Two men waiting in the lobby stared at him quizzically.

Outside, Sidney passed a couple of women on the pavement, saw them smile at him, and hurried past. To his relief they didn't follow. With a start he realised there was no way he could take the bus home. He dashed down a side road to the *Regency*, where he was able to find a cab. Finally he made it to his flat and safety.

That lust potion was powerful, Sidney realized. Well, good. All the better for his date with Ruth. He would just have to be careful in public until the effects wore off.

At seven he couldn't bear the anticipation for a moment longer. He called Ruth.

"Hi, there," he said jovially. "What time will you be over?"

"Listen," she said in a frosty tone. "I don't know what came over me today, but I've recovered from it now. If you think I'd do it again, you're crazy." Click.

Sidney ground his teeth. Obviously he needed to stay within smelling range to keep her interest; the phone didn't work. Well then, he'd just have to visit her.

Sydney ordered a taxi, and waited imaptiently. When it arrived he climbed in, barked the address, and sulked. After they'd driven a few yards the driver turned into an alley and switched off the engine.

"What on earth..." Sidney began to say. But by then, the driver had opened the rear door and was crawling in next to Sidney. It was a woman — a huge woman, who ripped off her shirt and tried to wrap her massive tits around his face.

This is insane, Sidney thought. He was locked in place by her massiveness. It was all he could do to talk her out of mounting him. She finally agreed to take him to his destination only if he sat in the front and fondled her breasts as she drove.

When they reached Ruth's place, Sydney climbed out of the car and stood on quivering legs, wondering whether he'd be in any condition to appreciate Ruth's attentions. But then, only another spectacular love-making session could make up for these last two incidents.

He pounded on Ruth's door. "Who is it?" he heard her say.

"Sidney."

"Go away," came the reply.

"Just let me talk to you for a second," Sydney insisted.

"Go away or I'll call the police."

Sidney gave the doorknob a vicious squeeze. If she'd just open the door a crack and smell him, she'd be all his.

"I hear that," she yelled. "I'm heading for the phone."

Sydney chewed his lip. It wasn't worth a big scene. If the potion still worked, he could get her at the office in the morning.

A cleaning lady had been coming down the hallway during his conversation with Ruth. He turned, caught the look on her face, and groaned out loud.

He started to run, but she tackled him three doors down. She grabbed hold of his collar and before he knew it, he was trapped in a caretaker's supply room.

* * *

Sydney ran into his boss as he arrived at work next morning. The old man peered at Sidney through wire-framed glasses and frowned.

"You're not looking too good, Sidney," he said.

"Bad night," he mumbled, and slunk into the sanctuary of his office. He knew without checking that his eyes were bloodshot.

After escaping the cleaning lady the night before, he'd made it out of the building, and caught a taxi home. Outside his flat had been a couple of middle aged women out for a night on the town. He'd had to run round the block a couple of times to shake them off, which had been exhausting in his already weakened state.

Then on the doorstep he'd bumped into his horny, mousy little neighbour.She'd pulled him into her flat. Just as she'd had enough, her flatmate had arrived home, and wanted her own piece of the action. And by the time she'd finished with him, the original neighbour had been ready for more. He'd been lucky to escape after a couple of hours.

On his way into work that morning, he'd had the misfortune to run into the little old lady in the lift again. With his reflexes weakened by the night's events, he hadn't managed to jump out of the lift before the door closed.Surely his prick had suffered

permanent damage. But even worse, he hadn't the slightest interest in making love with Ruth. He phoned Madame Sophia.

"The potion — how long does it last?" he blurted, trembling as he waited for her reply.

"Ah, you must be the gentleman who visited me the day before yesterday," she said cheerfully. "Don't worry. It's permanent."

"It's what?!" he shouted.

"I'm afraid that one dose changes your metabolism forever. The aphrodisiac is now part of your sweat."

"That's terrible. I can't go on like this!" he screamed. For a moment he was afraid he would faint from the shock of her words.

"Hmmm. Well, there's one thing I might be able to do," she said seriously. "Come and see me after work today."

Sidney doubted he could brave out the day. He wanted to leave that instant. However, he forced himself to think rationally. It was obvious he was just as likely to run into women early in the day as later, so he convinced himself to stay.

But he wasn't taking chances. He told the receptionist he wasn't taking any calls, and then spent the morning cowering in his office. At noon he waited till the corridor was clear, then ran down to the receptionist's desk and put a note under her door asking her to leave his customary lunchtime sandwich outside his office door. She would wonder why he was behaving so strangely, but no matter.

When he got back to the safety of his office, he found his boss' wife there. She'd dropped in to deliver a message. He watched miserably as her polyester trousers slid to the floor...

* * *

Sidney fell into Madame Sophia's guest chair. He didn't have enough energy left to speak. She calmly set a vial on the table. It twinkled in the lamp light.

"I'm afraid one dose changes your body metabolism for ever"

"What is it?" he mumbled.

"The antidote."

"I thought you said the effects were permanent."

"They are," the woman cackled. "But this will neutralize them for about a week. I use the antidote, too. Otherwise, I might be tearing your clothes off myself."

Sidney reached out, hand trembling, and took the vial.

"That will be one hundred pounds," added Madame Sophia.

Sidney stared at her, totally dumbfounded.

"I might add that I'm the only one with the formula. No lab will be able to duplicate it, and it's not written down anywhere."

Sidney realized for the first time that the gem-studded rings on her fingers were not costume jewellery. A hundred a week. Ouch.

"The offer is good for the next sixty seconds," she added.

His groin throbbed painfully. He thought of the little old lady, the taxi driver and the cleaning woman. He could handle a hundred a week. And, come to think of it, if he timed things so that the antidote wore off in just the right times and places...

He got out his chequebook.

Michelle

Photographs by Jack Harrison

You'd never believe it, but this is lovely Michelle Chadwick's very first modelling session: but as you can see, the 20-year-old from north London took to it like a fish to water! "I've always wanted to pose nude, and I couldn't believe it would be so enjoyable!" said a slightly breathless Michelle. "It's the thought of all those readers seeing parts of me I normally keep hidden that's so exciting." The trainee nurse, who measures 36-24-36, insists that she's usually a shy, demure girl – but this session really brought out the extrovert in her. So will she be more outgoing on the wards in future? "Oh no – this side of me is something I'll keep for the camera, and maybe a boyfriend in the future. You won't see me running round hospital dressed like this!" A pity. We were just about to have an accident...

So as a nice, shy girl, we suppose she doesn't take advantage of the bright lights of the West End? "No, I hardly ever go clubbing, I must admit. But then, when you're a nurse you learn how to make your own entertainment. Everything they say about nurse's parties is true, you know: they do get pretty wild! I've been to bashes where we had 50 people crammed into one bedroom at the nurse's home, dancing, drinking and snogging all over the place! Of course, I was the one sitting in the corner sipping an orange juice on my own..." We'll believe you, Michelle – but hundreds wouldn't!

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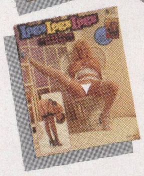

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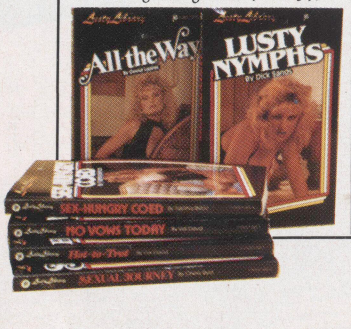

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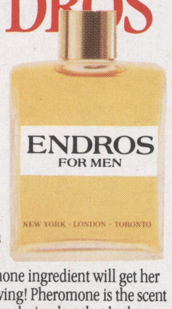

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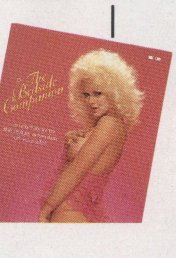

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

Did you hear about the British soldier who was caught getting a blow job from an Iraqi woman?
He was charged with insertion in the face of the enemy.

An Irishman was returning from an unsuccessful day at the races, sitting drinking Guinness on the train home being consoled by his mates. Also in the compartment was a little old lady, reading a magazine devoted to pets and animal welfare.

When his friends went to the buffet car, the old lady turned to the sobbing Irishman.

"I understand why you're upset," she said sympathetically. "But I think you're a wonderful caring man."

"Really?" said the somewhat surprised punter, "and why's that, lady?"

"Well giving all your money to lame horses was one thing," she said with a smile. "But putting your shirt on that poor animal that got scratched, now that was really kind."

Where does virgin wool come from?
Feminist sheep.

George got home from the office desperate to tell his wife a piece of gossip that he'd just picked up in the lift to their flat.

"Hello, darling, you'll never guess what I've just heard."

"No, what's that?"

"Mrs Miller says that the milkman has had every woman in this block of flats bar one."

"I might have guessed," she exclaimed. "That Mrs Brooks in Flat 11 is a right stuck up old cow."

Did you hear about the the workaholic who got done for resisting a rest?

Henry woke up in the middle of the night after a few drinks, and disappeared for a pee. When he got back he nudged his wife awake.

"Darling, darling, wake up!" he insisted. "We've got ghosts, poltergeists, demons or something."

"What on earth are you talking about?" asked his wife wearily.

"Well, I've just been to the toilet, right?" he said. "And when I opened the bathroom door suddenly I was flooded with light. I hadn't touched the switch but I was completely floodlit. It was colder than usual, and it smelt funny. Then when I left the loo, it went dark again the moment I was out the door. The house is haunted. We're gonna have to move."

"Don't be stupid, darling," sighed his wife. "You've just pissed in the fridge again."

Why don't nice people have sex 288 times a year?
It's two gross.

An old man went to the doctor.

"Jack, I don't see you very often, are you ill?" asked the GP.

"No, I'm fine – for an 85-year-old anyway."

"So how can I help you?"

"Well, Doc, I know it sounds unlikely but I struck lucky in the pub the other day, and I've got a date with a girl."

"That's a cause for celebration, not medicine," laughed the doctor.

"The trouble is that she's only 18, and I'm not sure I'm up to it."

"That's okay," said the medic. "I quite understand. Have some of this tonic. It's been developed for bulls to make them more fertile. If that doesn't give you the urge, then nothing will."

"Thanks, Doc," replied the grateful old man, and went away happy.

A week later the octogenarian was back at the surgery.

"Jack! How did you get on? Did the tonic work?" the doctor asked.

"It certainly did," replied the old man, obviously in agony. "So much so, I need some painkillers."

"Aha, for your back, eh?" said the doctor with a laugh. "You old timers shouldn't overdo it, you know."

"No, for my wrist," replied Jack bitterly. "The little cow didn't turn up."

A randy old cleric in Leicester
Had Mrs Hughes on the pews just to teicester.
He kissed and careicester,
Prodded and preicester,
And then, as an afterthought, bleicester.

"God, your bricklaying is absolutely awful," said the passer-by to the builder putting up a wall in a front garden. "Your cement is too runny, the wall's not straight and it'll fall down in a couple of days."

"Here!" replied the brickie irritably. "What do you mean, you bastard? Come over here and I'll lay one on you."

"Oh I see," said the passer-by smugly. "Can't take constructive criticism, eh?"

To share your favourite jokes with Mayfair readers, send them to: Jokes, Mayfair, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE. A free subscription will be awarded for every joke printed. In the event of duplication of jokes, the Editor's decision is final.

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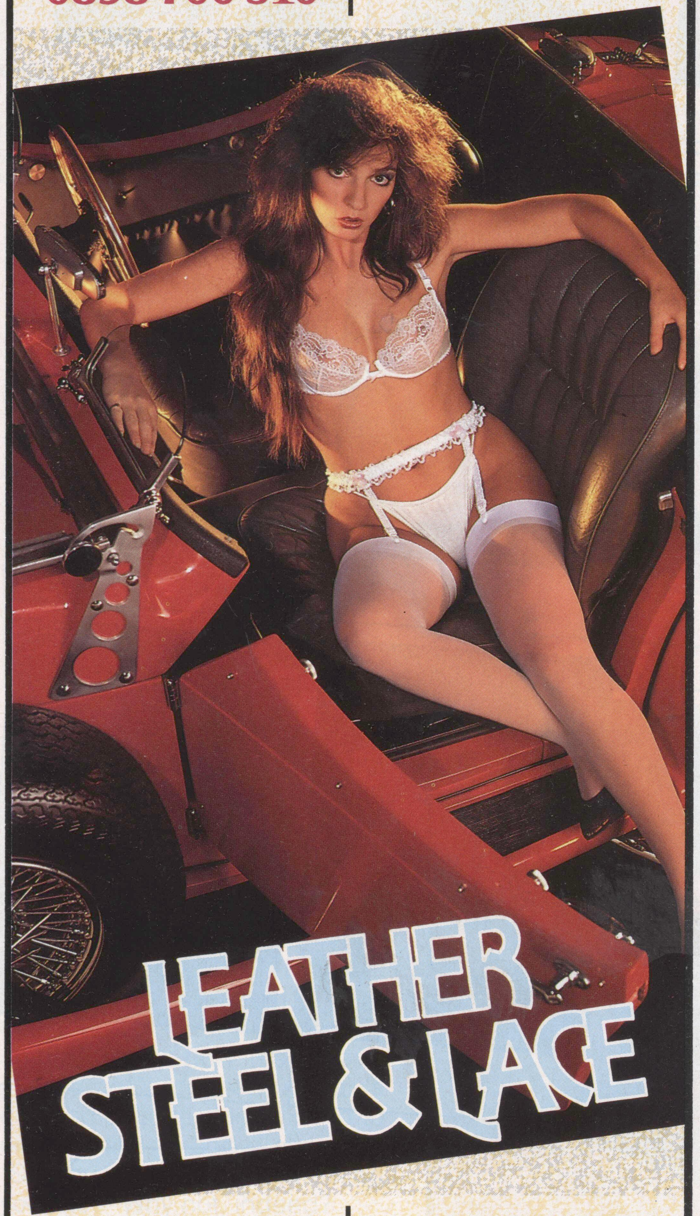

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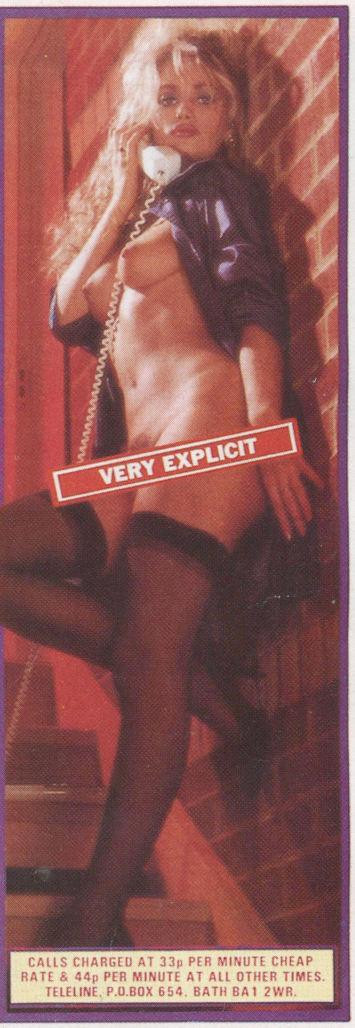

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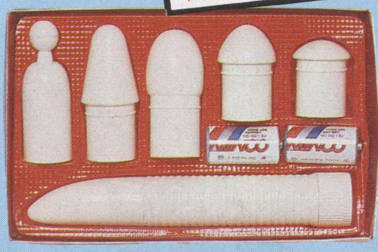

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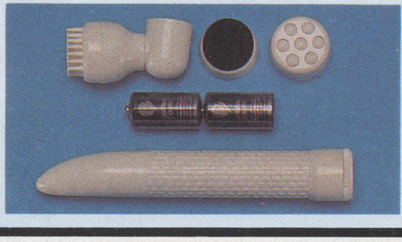

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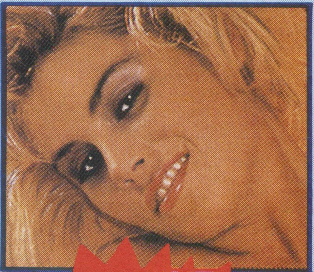

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MADDY

Cool, dark and mysterious, three words that sound like ad copy for a box of plain chocolates, but are often used to describe Madelaine Hill. Madelaine, a 22-year-old from Liverpool, prides herself on her sultry, almost satanic looks but like a box of Black Magic, she has a soft centre. "Men tell me I'd make the ideal dominatrix, especially when I'm in my PVC boots," she says, "but really I like a cuddle and a bunch of roses, same as anyone else."

Photographs by Donald Milne

However, Madelaine does admit to having a bad temper, and doesn't suffer fools gladly. "I do hate wimps," she says adamantly. "Those woolly minded blokes who can't make up their minds whether they want to make love or make tea. I just want to give them a good shaking!" A fine dominatrix indeed! To complete the image, Mad Miss M, as her friends call her, has a passion for black dresses, fur and leather. "I do like clothes with a lot of character," she insists.

Madelaine lives in a large, rambling house in Macgull, and fills it with bizarre knick-knacks, weird paintings and furniture more in keeping with someone three times her age. Small boys, we're told, tend to think that it's haunted, and she's a witch! "That's fine by me," she claims. "I only like big boys, and they're welcome anytime." But could she fit them into her busy life as a designer and part-time model. "I could just squeeze them into my tight agenda!" she laughs wickedly.

Continued from page 52

someone else. Do they get jealous, or does the thrill of knowing that someone else finds their wife irresistible make up for any twinges of regret? My own wife is so attractive that sometimes I feel I'm being selfish keeping her all to myself when she has so much to offer, and I do get a real thrill if another man compliments her within my earshot. I'd be interested to hear other readers' thoughts on the subject.

AD, Lancashire

Top of the Scots

I must say that I like the new look to *Mayfair* in Vol 26 No 2 and you have my loyal support — especially if you keep filling the magazine with pictures of Kirsten Imrie.

She has to be the most sensual of all the Page Three girls, and not just because of her 38D boobs! Her whole face says she wants to make love to you on the spot. Either she fancies the photographer (lucky bastard!) or she's a brilliant actress, and should be starring with Peter O'Toole, not merely in a bit part of one of his films. I'll even forgive her for not being a true Scot.

So keep up the good work, *Mayfair*. Some of the names of your staff may be unfamiliar to me, but the girls are still great *Mayfair* favourites, and that's all that matters!

TC, Aberdeen

Housewives' choice

I know a lot of men think that housewives like myself live very boring lives, just doing the vacuuming and holding the occasional coffee morning, but I'd like to assure you that in my case at least, nothing could be further from the truth! Myself and my neighbour Alison spend at least three or four days every month browsing through the latest copy of *Mayfair* together. We don't consider ourselves lesbians, even though we both get very turned on looking at the gorgeous girls in their skimpy outfits. I prefer to think we just appreciate beauty, whether it's male or female!

Sometimes we stroke each others' boobs and thighs while we're reading, to increase our arousal, but we'd never gone further until recently, when Alison confessed she was getting so turned on she didn't think she could wait for sex until her husband came home from work.

She took her panties off so I could see how wet she was getting. I'd never looked at another woman's pussy before except in the pages of *Mayfair*, and the sight of my attractive friend sitting there, legs spread and one hand resting just inches from her pubic mound, was unbelievably erotic. I reached out my hand, a little nervously, and touched her between the legs. I could feel her trembling slightly as she pressed against me, her wet warmth enveloping my fingers.

As my excitement increased, I stopped feeling shy, and began to explore Alison's pussy with my fingers, and then my tongue. Making her climax gave me an immense sense of satisfaction, and when she returned the compliment I had one of the most intense orgasms that I've ever experienced.

Alison and I have had several more of what we call our 'petting sessions', and at the moment I'm trying to work up the courage to tell my husband. His pet fantasy is to see me in bed with another woman, so who knows, perhaps Alison and I will make his wish come true before too long!

BF, Dublin

Tickle time

As a keen amateur glamour photographer, I took a particular interest in your Quest series on female masturbation. For the past ten years I have been photographing amateur and semi-professional models both at camera clubs I belong to, and at home in my own studio. There have been several situations where it's been suggested that a girl 'get in the mood' by stimulating herself. To be frank, the majority of models either ignore the suggestion, or jokingly reject it. But over the years there have been a few instances when the opposite has occurred, and my friends and I have been treated to a very erotic display.

In my experience I've found this happens most with two kinds of models. The first is the youngish, sexy, perhaps slightly naive girl who is new to nude modelling. She will often writhe around on a bed or a carpet, happily squeezing her boobs and nipples and massaging herself between the thighs. In the meantime she will get flushed, her nipples will be fully erect and her vaginal lips will be in an obvious state of arousal. Yet afterwards she will insist – often very strongly – that it was all an act for the camera, and refuses to even mention the word 'masturbation.' That's fair enough – her pleasure is her own business – but it doesn't fool anyone!

The second type is my personal favourite. This is the mature model, aged between late twenties and mid-thirties. These models generally have the more lush kind of figure, which retains its fullness and curves longer than those of their slimmer sisters. (I'm reminded of the sensational 40-year-old Shelagh Harrison, featured on page 63 in Vol 25 No 12, who unfortunately I've not had the privilege of photographing).

They're often housewives picking up pin money, and are generally more experienced as women and much more honest about what they are doing. Approached in a sympathetic way, I've found them far more eager to make modelling a really sexy – and sometimes very explicit – experience.

I shall never forget one woman who modelled for me regularly for nearly two years. A redhead in her late thirties, she had a particularly ripe figure and was quite open about the thrill she got from exposing it to my lens. She didn't need any encouragement to give herself 'a wee tickle', as she called it, though eight times out of ten the 'tickle' would end in a full-blown and extremely photogenic sexual climax.

At first she used to apologise – not very convincingly – for 'getting a bit OTT again', but later she was quite unrepentant, turning up with a vibrator she borrowed from a friend, and sometimes ringing me for a session because she thought it was 'tickle time' again.

I suppose it was inevitable that eventually this would lead to something more – but to this day we have never had full sex. What she likes these days is for me to photograph her playing with herself – usually using her vibrator – and then she asks me to bring myself off in front of her. When she's sexually satisfied and I've used up all my film, she'll kneel in front of me and say "Come on – I've done my bit, now pay up!" That's my cue to start masturbating: she leans over in front of me and licks her lips, encouraging me to come for her. It's incredibly erotic to know that she wants to see me come – and I can tell you, none of my sperm is ever wasted!

NM, Glasgow

Working in such a small office I suppose we were bound to get on top of one another!

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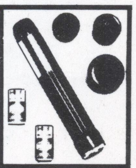

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STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND—EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES—CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND—BELFAST** 31 Gresham St. SP16

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Name
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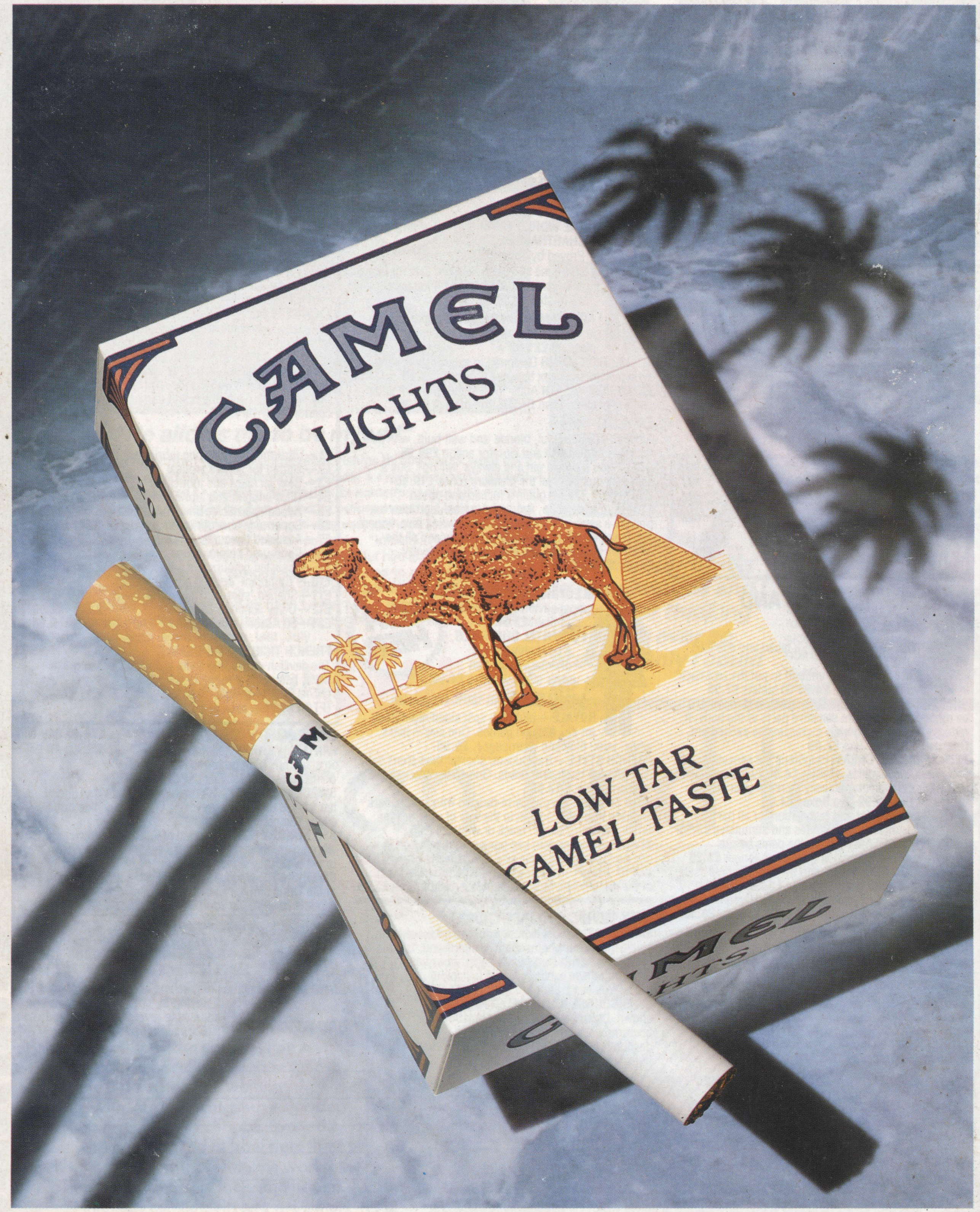

LOW TAR As defined by H.M. Government

Warning: SMOKING CAN CAUSE HEART DISEASE

Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers